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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE Chinese loan is now the principal item in the newspapers, and Mr. Crisp, the principal organiser of the loan, is the hero of the moment. He has been interviewed by Reuter, and has had his picture taken by all the press photographers. There was a rush to underwrite the loan on Tuesday, and on Thursday evening the prospectus was issued to the public. Mr. Crisp seems to have acted with great boldness and vigor, for when the Government tried to destroy the venture and some of the underwriters hung back, he offered not only to relieve them from their undertaking, but, says a correspondent, "to pay them $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. commission for the trouble to which they had been put. If they adhered to the underwriting arrangement they would receive £1 10s. per cent.; he offered to relieve them of their bargain and pay them 10s. per cent. down."

* * *

THE issue, which is for the first instalment of the authorised loan of £10,000,000, is for £5,000,000 at 95 in

bonds to bearer of £20, £100, £500, and £1,000. Interest and principal are secured as a first charge upon the surplus revenues of the Chinese salt gabelle. Behind the loan are, besides Messrs. Birch, Crisp & Co., the negotiators, Lloyd's Bank, Capital & Counties Bank, London & South-Western Bank, and the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China. The loan, it will be seen, is very strongly backed; there is no question of its popularity in the City; and, as far as this country is concerned, its success seems to be assured. The big financial houses concerned would not have gone ahead with the loan in face of the intimation of the Foreign Office that "the business was quite hopeless, and would never be completed," if they had not been sure of their ground.

* * *

THE Foreign Office has now delivered its counter-stroke through Peking. Its target is the security for the new loan. Sir John Jordan, the British Minister, has warned the Chinese President that the salt-tax yield is already ear-marked for about £10,000,000 worth of floating liabilities, including the Boxer payments, and that if payment is not forthcoming, the Powers have the right, under the Boxer agreement, of taking over the salt gabelle. In other words, China has been told that she will have to hand over the £10,000,000 she is getting from London as soon as she receives it. The promoters of the new loan treat this threat lightly; they are perfectly well aware that, when the time comes, the Foreign Office simply dare not carry it out. A British Government cannot apply itself to persecuting British finance.

* * *

It is not as if this loan business was in any way illegitimate. The real secret of the transaction, according to some experts, is that it is an attempt on the part of the big London capitalists to secure the right of participating in the lucrative business of lending money to China. The "Daily Telegraph," among others, prophesies "a reconciliation of the rival syndicates over a fifty or sixty million sterling loan." At present, according to the Six Power agreement, the only English bank that is allowed to share in this lending business is the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank. The City has never been satisfied with this arrangement.

* * *

As for the attitude of the Foreign Office, Mr. Crisp's account of it is almost past believing. The official in charge of the China Department informed him that outside the Six Nations it was "impossible" for anyone to raise a loan for China. Mr. Crisp retorted politely that the impossible could be done by at least five firms. The Foreign Office put its foot down, said that only the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank, the monopolist concern which it favors, should have the loan, and hinted that China would tremble before Sir John Jordan's nod. "Very well," retorted Mr. Crisp. "Write me a letter, saying that I mustn't act." Promptly the Foreign Office took its foot up again. No; Mr. Crisp must do as he thought fit. Mr. Crisp at once clinched

matters with the Chinese Government, and completed the loan. The Foreign Office told him that China would repudiate it, and it is obvious that, informally, it did its best to bring about this result. What is to be done with an office so conducted, save to apply Carlyle's remedy of lighting "a live coal" under it?

* * *

THE comedy of the Orange Rebellion has this week broadened down into farce. "General" Carson has become "King" Carson, and his tour a kind of burlesque of a Pretender's progress. On Saturday, at Coleraine, this loyalist declared that he did not care "twopence" whether the Covenant was treason or not, while Lord Templetown, speaking at Crumlin, on Wednesday, declared that if the King signed the Home Rule Bill, Ulster would stand between it and the ruin of the Empire—a new version of kicking the crown into the Boyne. What is this but barefaced treason? Not to be outdone, Mr. F. E. Smith suggested the hanging of the Ministers to "their own lamp-posts." A number of the Unionist peers, including Lord Roberts, have signed a pledge that, if the Home Rule Bill passes without reference to the country, they will not accept seats in either House of the Irish Legislature. Ireland, we think, will remain a nation, even if these gentlemen stand aside from her.

* * *

ON Wednesday the "General" was received at Portadown by men wearing khaki hats and carrying toy rifles, who presented arms, and greeted Sir Edward with what all the correspondents describe as the parody of a Royal reception. To this the Edenderry Club contributed an ambulance waggon, half-a-dozen nurses, and a wooden cannon mounted on bicycle wheels. At the end of his speech Sir Edward was presented with a blackthorn. We observe that the Protestant Churches of Ireland have greeted this buffoonery with a salvo of episcopal and ministerial prayers—leaving Christianity in the lurch, as the lawyers have left the law. Official Tory and Unionist opinion, however, would appear to be sharply divided on its merits. It is said that the Covenant has been sub-edited by Mr. Bonar Law, and greatly changed in form, and it is well known that Mr. Austen Chamberlain has turned his back on it and its authors.

* * *

MEANWHILE, Mr. Bonar Law has been summoned to Balmoral. Under the circumstances this must be regarded as a remarkable event. The King does not take the leader of the Opposition into consultation, and during the crisis on the Parliament Bill, when the Sovereign was much pressed by friends of the Opposition, King Edward let it be known that he only consulted with his Ministers. When the interviews with the Opposition leader finally took place, it was, of course, with Mr. Asquith's assent, and the object was the same kind of appeasement as the meeting of Gladstone and Salisbury established in regard to the Franchise Act of 1885. We assume, therefore, that Mr. Law's summons to the King has the approval of the King's Ministers.

* * *

WHAT is its object? We agree with the "Manchester Guardian" that it cannot be foreign affairs. The Government's foreign policy has the support of the Conservative Party and Press; but the Prime Minister cannot have formally prayed Mr. Law in aid, and suggested Balmoral as the theatre of the *entente*. It is, therefore, permissible to conclude that the unexampled language and conduct of the King's Privy Councillors in Ulster (aided and abetted by Mr. Law),

and the organisation there of a mimic Court, Army, and Civil Service, has at length compelled the King to intervene. Doubtless, he will only ask for explanations; but we do not envy Mr. Law the job of "explaining" "General" Carson, and of apologising for what even the correspondent of the "Daily Mail" describes as "ceremonial which is usually reserved for the Sovereign."

* * *

NOTHING has been allowed to transpire about M. Sazonoff's visit, except a bare announcement through Reuter's that the conversations between him and Sir Edward Grey are not to lead to a "practical partition of Persia." All that this seems likely to mean is that in the schemes for revising the Convention of 1907, so as to eliminate from it every vestige of integrity or independence for Persia, a formal plan of dismemberment will be avoided. But we already hear of plans for tampering with the neutral zone, and for setting up a tool of Russia—one of the worst of all mentioned is Shuja-ud-Dowla, the author of the atrocities in Tabriz—in nominal control. We cannot believe that the Government will assent to such a step as this, in view of the state of public opinion in this country. But if we are really anxious to promote the recovery of Persia, why should we not propose the appointment of a good financial adviser from one of the smaller Powers?

* * *

THE departure of the British Home Fleet for Copenhagen has been followed, twenty-four hours afterwards, by the arrival of the Russian Baltic Squadron. Both fleets will meet at Reval next week. These events are connected by the Paris "Temps" (which usually knows in these matters) with M. Sazonoff's visit to Balmoral. The meeting of the two fleets in the Black Sea it describes as "a sort of commentary on the diplomatic conversations now in progress." "We know that the conclusion of the Franco-Russian naval convention and the French naval concentration in the Mediterranean coincided with the visit of M. Poincaré (the French Premier) to St. Petersburg. To-day we see a British squadron making for Reval, there to entwine its flag with that of the Russian Marine at the very moment that M. Sazonoff is leaving Balmoral." The "Temps" adds that the visits of the two fleets to Copenhagen are important, because "the Danish Straits are, in fact, the only road through which the English and Russian fleets could work in conjunction or unite, and consequently a meeting of the two fleets has necessarily a military and international significance which cannot escape either Denmark or the neighboring Powers." It will not.

* * *

THIS is pretty plain, but the St. Petersburg "Novoi Vremya" is still more explicit. England, France, and Russia have divided the seas between them. The naval convention signed last month between Russia and France, it declares, was virtually and implicitly a Convention *à trois*. The rôle assigned to the Russian Baltic squadron is limited to the wardenship of the Baltic, just as France has the Mediterranean and Great Britain the North Sea and the Channel.

* * *

THE reference in the Austrian Emperor's speech to the delegations to the "troubled situation in the Balkans," and the gloomy tone of Count Berchtold's statement on foreign affairs, created a war scare in the beginning of the week. It has been followed by a reaction. Count Berchtold's pessimism, we are now informed, was a diplomatic dodge, so to speak. A leading article in the Vienna "Neue Freie Presse" gives the explana-

tion. It says: "Count Berchtold's intention in raising his voice so loudly was to make his voice heard some hundreds of miles away, in the Palace of Balmoral. In Northern Scotland, at the hospitable table of King George, sit Sir Edward Grey and M. Sazonoff, and the information conveyed to the Delegations upon the present position of foreign policy cannot be a matter of indifference to them. It will come to them as another voice mingling in their discourse, and compelling attention in the midst of their discussions and decisions."

* * *

THE "Daily News and Leader" has exposed a plan which, not for the first or second time, exhibits Tariff Reform as a mere flank movement of the rich upon the poor. It seems that a certain Sir Francis Trippel, who is described as a great organiser for charities, was enlisted in an effort to give a whip up to a new boom for Protection. The plan was to collect subscriptions for a campaign fund of a quarter of a million, with a rock basis of donors of £1,000 apiece. To these benefactors in turn was offered the golden, or perhaps we should say, the jewelled, reward of a dinner with the Duke of Westminster. The first feast of the thousand-pounders has been held, and realised the sum of £21,250. A second is promised when £100,000 shall have been subscribed. The point whether the Duke's dinner is a thousand-pound or a two thousand-pound one seems a little obscure. We hope it will be promptly cleared up. But either price, we should say, is a record.

* * *

WE regret to record that the opening of the village institute at Llanystumdwy by Mr. Lloyd George was marked by a gross display of brutality towards a number of Suffragettes, who interrupted Mr. George by calling out "Votes for women." The following scene was a disgrace to Welsh Liberalism. Mr. George seems to have done his best to restrain the crowd, but without effect, and a curious photograph in the "Daily Mail" suggests that women as well as men took part in these outrages and applauded them. The Suffragettes were beaten, a girl's clothes were stripped from her back, and the women were only saved from death or serious injury by a desperate fight on the part of the police. Welsh crowds have already earned a bad distinction for their behavior to these women, but this conduct exceeds all bounds. It was, of course, the last word in tactlessness and ill-feeling to disturb a ceremony like that at Llanystumdwy, but the offence is not to be named in the same breath with the cruelty which avenged it.

* * *

MR. BORDEN has had an enthusiastic welcome from the Conservatives of Montreal and Toronto. He has indulged in glowing rhetorical phrases about the Motherland and blood being thicker than water, but he has failed to make any intelligible reference to naval policy. The truth seems to be that no policy has yet been decided upon, although the "Times" Toronto correspondent prophesies an "emergency" contribution of three Dreadnoughts. Mr. Borden, during his stay in London, has certainly been persuaded that Great Britain is faced with an emergency, and he is genuinely patriotic. Whatever is eventually done by the Ottawa Government, there will be no Referendum. "It is taken for granted by everybody," says the able correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian" at Ottawa, "that any naval scheme whatever—a navy of our own or contributions towards the upkeep of the British Navy—would be beaten if the

question were submitted to the people by Referendum, as Mr. Borden proposed when in Opposition." Both the West and French Canada are resolutely opposed to Canada's being drawn into the European system of militarism, of which unhappily we in Great Britain now form a part.

* * *

A BLOW has been struck at Esperanto by the French Government, by its refusal to recognise it as a language for international telegraph purposes. A circular, issued from the Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs, puts it on the basis of a telegraphic code. Consequently, every Esperanto word of more than ten letters will henceforth have to pay to the amount of the excess, every five letters over the ten counting as an extra word. The new regulation is said to be objectionable to the Socialists, a great many of whom in France, as elsewhere, are ardent Esperantists. The objection of an international party to this ban upon an international language is intelligible, but it is, perhaps, too much to expect the Governments to insist on their telegraphists knowing something of Esperanto, at least until that ingenious invention is rather more widely current than it is to-day.

* * *

THE imprisonment of Mr. Wilks for not paying his wife's income-tax, against which a meeting of protest was held in the Caxton Hall on Thursday evening, at least shows that the law is wrong, even if the resisting suffragists are not right. Mr. Wilks seems to have no income beyond what he earns as a teacher in an elementary school. His wife is a medical practitioner, with a much larger income. But Mrs. Wilks, as a suffragist, has refused to pay her income-tax since 1908. The authorities at first tried to recover the money by distraint, and on her resisting this action have demanded payment from her husband. So Mr. Wilks finds himself in prison, and with no prospect of getting out—for he is unable to find the £37 which his wife owes—unless the authorities admit (as they will have to admit) that they are in the wrong. In strict law a husband is, we suppose, responsible for his wife's income-tax (though not, it appears, for her super-tax, if she is liable). But he has no power over her income, and, if she refuses information, it may very well happen that, as in Mr. Wilks's case, he cannot even discover its amount. Thus the absurdity of the law in this matter is only equalled by the stupidity of the officials who set it in motion.

* * *

COUNT MARSHALL VON BIEBERSTEIN, the German Ambassador, died suddenly at Badenweiler, on Tuesday morning. We review his character and career elsewhere, and here we need only say that of the three periods of his official life (his Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs, during which he became responsible for the famous telegram to President Kruger, his Ambassadorship to Constantinople, and his mission of peace to this country) the last was the most important, and the premature close of his life one of the most tragic incidents in the relationships between Germany and Great Britain. His health had failed before he came to London, and the physical energy, which marked his ministry at Constantinople, had almost disappeared. All that he was able to do was to leave a general impression of mental force, humor, and goodwill.

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[The next issue of THE NATION will be a Special Announcement Number, and will contain a Supplement dealing with the Books to be published during the season.]

Politics and Affairs.

THE LIBERAL PARTY AND FOREIGN POLICY.

"One should take care lest in quenching the spirit of Midlothian, we leave sovereign mastery of the world to Machiavelli."—*Morley's Life of Gladstone*.

We deal elsewhere with the special qualities and attainments of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, but we must take note of his death as a fresh blow to the cause of European peace. Baron Marschall was a man of the world, who knew, much better than our own Foreign Office where lie the forces that govern policy, and how to move them. He had a great reputation, and he knew that he was putting it to the test when he set himself to conquer or to allay the prejudices that created and have sustained one of the most irrational estrangements in the history of nations. A good part of the press which now deplores his loss spared no effort to discredit his personality, and sow in advance the tares that it hoped might encumber his path. It is idle to discuss the question whether he could have succeeded. Now that he is gone, the work has to be begun over again, but it seems more than ever doubtful whether the diplomatic temperament, or the atmosphere of the official parties in either country, can appreciably advance it. Some new element of conscience and reason must come in; for hitherto, we in Britain at least, have invoked both in vain. Daily we approach nearer to a European war, which, be its issue what it may, must bring to an end our present position of almost unchallenged naval strength. Daily our engagements touch more visibly the historic interests of the Empire. Daily we expose Europe to fresh disturbances of the "balance" in whose stability our Foreign Office puts its trust. There is hardly an old or a new problem of diplomacy which is not in active eruption. The Anglo-French *entente* was to bring peace in the seas that it covers. It has settled matters in a strip of the Channel, only to embroil them in the North Sea and the Mediterranean. It has made Franco-German relations worse than at any period since the first years after the war of 1870. The Anglo-Russian *entente* was to fix the problems of Indian frontier defence. They were never more vexed. It was to save Persian independence. It has all but wiped Persia out of the map. It was to give India rest from the Russian menace. Some slight relief may have been afforded on the Afghan frontier, only to bring into view the immeasurably greater peril by way of Persia, and the struggle for a roadway to the Persian Gulf. What of the interior situation? Is it denied that the seventy millions of Mohammedan India are more restless, more critical of the British *raj*, than at any time within the memory of living statesmen? Our Naval Estimates approach fifty millions a year, and, in the natural development of our foreign policy, will rise to sixty. Every sign of error, every omen of danger, attends each development of our novel attachments and hatreds; but, though the feeling and intellect of British Liberalism are increasingly awakened, they arouse no corresponding movement on the part of the Government. What is to be done? How can Liberal principles re-assert themselves in the abandoned field of foreign policy?

Let us premise that they must be attracted first to the cause of freedom. We observe that the "Westminster Gazette" describes the Liberal protest against the partition of Persia as a renewal of the "old Jingo fervor against Russia." We are the less concerned with this taunt when we remember that Gladstone himself was charged with Russophobia when he raised his voice against the betrayal of Armenia and the coercion of Greece. But, in fact, we distinguish between the Power which, in a Liberal period, became the liberator of Bulgaria, and the Government which, in a time of brutal reaction, crushed Finland and drowned its own revolution in blood. Is it to be laid down, says the "Westminster," that we are to have "no dealings" with a Power whose ideas of government do not correspond with our own? We have never advanced so Quixotic a plea, but we answer the question by asking another. Since when was it the Liberal creed that our associations in foreign policy should be stripped of all regard for the character and doings of the allied Government? And, to bring matters to a practical issue, we will say that when British soldiers can be exhibited as standing sentry over the disembowelled corpse of a national leader, as Russian soldiers are exhibited in a photograph that lies on our desk, King George will be a fit ally for Tsar Nicholas in the business of "regenerating" the Far East. With the Russian people there is a peculiar and warm current of sympathy in Liberal Britain; for from their bosom has poured a stream of liberating thought and imagination akin to that of pre-revolutionary France. For the cruelty and perfidy of Russian agents in Persia there is, or should be, only the disgust they deserve.

But what is the test of practical policy in this critical question of the dismemberment of Persia by Russia and Great Britain? No test is possible, argues the "Westminster," for "the only alternative to the Anglo-Russian agreement was to wash our hands" of the whole business, and leave Russia to do what she pleased. That is to say, the only "alternative" to a joint breach of that agreement by both the Powers that set their hands to it was to allow one of the signatories to effect that breach by itself. No "alternative" of honor and moral courage and faithfulness, under which Britain would have called on Russia to respect her plain engagements, and have acted herself as if the Convention of 1907 meant what it said! That document established or claimed no territorial rights in Persia for either of its signatories. It merely subjected its general formula of mutual respect for "the integrity and independence" of Persia to a proviso under which each Power was to seek its "concessions"—such as "railways, banks, telegraphs, roads, transport, insurance"—within its own sphere, and to promote the interests of the other Power. This was the instrument which Russia used to deny Persia the most elementary rights of sovereignty, and to meet her assertion of it by over-running Northern Persia, turning it into a Russian satrapy, organising rebellion, destroying the Medjliss, and loosing its soldiery for barbarous reprisals. It was Mr. Shuster's offence that he treated this act of perjury as if it were a document of good faith, and that he endeavored, by a plan clearly adapted to the admitted

weakness of Persian society, to restore to the native Government financial credit and the power of internal control. Was that a work meet for mean obstruction and ultimate wreck by the agent of a British Ministry, pledged to the general Liberal doctrine of regard for nationalities, and bound not only by its adhesion to the Convention but by the interpretation affixed to that document by our Minister at Teheran?

But suppose that in this crucial example of Persia our faint hopes are disappointed, and that the Government which began by giving freedom to South Africa, and now proposes to extend it to Ireland, becomes, by the weight of our wealth and the wide-flung power of our fleet, a chief executioner of national rights wherever they chance to conflict with the ambitions of our Russian ally. Already it is clear that in China and in Persia the interests of British trade have been offered up as a sacrifice to the phantoms that haunt Sir Edward Grey's brain. Yet they are not despicable objects of our care; indeed, a Liberal Government which is forbidden to work through the pressure of tariffs is in a special degree bound to consider the reasonable claims of our over-sea traders, and to remember that their strength in the Far East rests largely on our public repute for considerateness and fair-dealing with the teeming races of the Orient. But if we are to jettison this ancient stock of good-will, are we also to destroy in the minds of our young men all respect for human rights and all belief in the value of liberty and a generous national temper and conduct? These are the pillars of the Liberal temple; the distinctive virtue that keeps the Liberal Party in being here when elsewhere it has fallen before the advance of Socialism. This treasure is in grave peril; indeed, everything that is Liberal in the Government's programme—such as Home Rule—is threatened by contrast with what is anti-Liberal in its attitude to other nationalities than Ireland. It is, therefore, for the National Liberal Federation, at its coming meetings, to consider well, not merely how a Liberal Ministry can be sustained, but how Liberalism itself can be kept alive.

LIGHT ON THE LAND.

THERE is something particularly childish in the hullabaloo raised by the "Times" and the rest of the Opposition journals over the discovery of the land inquiry, conducted by the unofficial committee appointed by Mr. Lloyd George, in order to secure information which should assist the Government in formulating proposals affecting rural and urban land. Both parties have long recognised the urgent importance of these issues. Unionists have been as forward as Liberals to profess the necessity of giving the actual tillers of the soil a substantial stake in the soil they till, to promote schemes of co-operation and of publicly-assisted credit, to readjust the rating system for town and country, and to spend imperial revenue upon transport, education, and other developmental processes. But the real urgency of land reforms in town and country presses more immediately upon the present Liberal Government, for they have the power, and therefore the obligation, to convert the general aspirations of reform into an early practicable policy. Now, upon the direction of these reforms there is among

Liberals, at any rate, a substantial agreement. The injuries inflicted by the legal absolutism of landlords over the lives of the rural workers must be redressed. As regards town development, it is recognised that the enterprise, the speculation, and the caprices of private landowners or lease-holders must be controlled in conformity with an intelligent interpretation of the needs and utilities of the present and future citizens, regarded as a community. Housing, sanitation, transport, and education, are thus all issues organically related to land reform.

But among Liberal reformers agreed on the main lines of policy, there are divergences of stress, differences upon the value of the instruments to be employed. Such doubts and difficulties can only be removed by a fuller flood of reliable information. It was for this purpose that this unofficial inquiry was set on foot. The inquiry is privately conducted by an organised group of investigators, keenly desirous to gather the largest amount of relevant and reliable facts bearing on the critical points in the direction of a reform policy. No doubt a Royal Commission might have been appointed to do the work. But this cumbrous machine notoriously works so slowly that it is generally regarded as a pretext for the long delay its operations actually involve. Moreover, the publicity attaching to the inquiry of a Commission would have disabled it from acquiring certain sorts of indispensable information. Here, of course, we strike upon the main complaint raised by the critics of the unofficial inquiry. It is, they charge, a secret, "hole-and-corner," "backstairs" investigation, whose methods and results cannot be checked; the "facts" it pretends to discover will be selected and "cooked" for the partial purposes of a policy which is designed as another party attack on landed property, a pretext for more interference and more taxation. Behind it all, as a directing influence, they intimate, lurks the appalling spectre of the single tax.

Now, there is no basis of fact to sustain any of these insinuations. The inquiry is only secret in the sense that it is privately conducted in detail by voluntary workers, and that an undertaking is given that the personal sources of information shall not be divulged. It is, of course, idle to pretend that the truth could be learned in English villages upon such questions as the sanitary state of cottages owned by the Squire, the pressure brought on laborers by farmers not to claim small holdings, or by landlords upon farmers to forego their legal rights to destroy ground game, unless such secrecy were ensured. It is not, indeed, the case that such questions, involving, in certain instances, an abuse of economic power, constitute any large part of the questionnaire which the "Times" berates in general terms as "framed to elicit as much evidence as possible against landowners." This is an utterly untrue account of the questionnaire, taken as a whole, as, indeed, any reader of the full text can learn for himself. It is only the economic, legal, and social predominance attaching to the landowner in the existing system that gives any speciousness to such a charge. This predominance will undoubtedly be affected by any vital reforms designed to improve agriculture, raise the status of farmer and

laborer, improve housing, and enable public authorities to exercise a reasonable control over land-users, and to secure for the public the revenue which is the fruit of such a policy. The "Times" admits that, of the questions asked, "many of them are obviously legitimate objects of inquiry." It does not, and cannot, name any that are not. Indeed, the triviality of its case may be best seen by the fact that the chief question it cites to support its charge of an "attack" on landlords is the opening one, that asks "What evidence is there that the yield of agricultural land could be greatly increased?" To regard this question as an unfair attack on landlords is ridiculous, in face of the admissions made so freely by Unionist land reformers, that our present tri-partite working of the land is out of date, and that scientific and business training, co-operation, and credit are all needed to increase the contribution of our land to the food supply of the nation. The only other question to which it takes exception is one relating to the damage done to farmers by ground game, the meaning of which it entirely misrepresents. The legal protection of the farmer against such depredations is, of course, not denied; but the pressure brought upon him to waive his legal rights in many instances is quite notorious, and it was to this matter of plain fact that the question addressed itself.

The inquiry is only partisan in the sense that it is designed to supply a larger and more recent body of information than is obtainable in the official reports of the Board of Agriculture, for the purpose of informing the mind of the Government on the framing of their concrete measures of reform. These measures and the evidence which supports them will, of course, be open to full discussion on the floor of the House of Commons and in the public press. Whether a full report of the materials obtained in this inquiry is published or not, is really immaterial. For, if it were, the details could not possibly be checked without revealing names and places. Now, the absolute necessity of this measure of secrecy is aptly corroborated in a document describing the inquiry which "The Rural League," in avowed imitation of the Unofficial Committee, announces its intention to conduct. This League, the President of which is Mr. Jesse Collings, and the Committee of which is composed of leading Unionist politicians, is issuing a questionnaire of its own. It informs us that "a Report of the information obtained will be duly published, but without, of course, giving the names of those supplying the particulars, and without in any way identifying the properties." That is to say, it maintains the same secrecy in the essential tests of fact as does the Unofficial Committee. We may add that we rejoice to see the Rural League endeavoring to gather facts. We do not arraign the purpose for which it proposes to use any facts it obtains, or suggest that an admittedly party bias disables it from holding an inquiry which is rightly described as "impartial," in that it seeks to get an accurate record of the facts. We only regret that, in the Note which the "Rural League" appends to its questionnaire, it should, by ignoring the rating reforms with which the Liberal policy is invariably associated, convey the very false suggestion that the fiscal policy of

the Government is likely to make a net increase of the tax-burden upon "any village laborer, widow, shop-keeper, tradesman, farmer, or other person who owns a bit of land." The net effect of a Liberal rating and taxing policy would, by reducing the burden of the rates, and by removing the burden on buildings and other improvements, place most small owners in a better financial position than at present. The Rural League's insinuation to the contrary is absurd in view of the fact that the main direction of its questionnaire is towards establishing the view that a very small amount of the value of real property is really land-value, and the great bulk if it improvements. But whatever motives underlie or animate inquiries into conditions of land tenure, and of the agricultural classes, we welcome them all, as leading to more light upon a darkness no longer endurable. The very knowledge that organised inquiries are afoot is highly serviceable, as an interesting letter by Mr. Henry Lazarus, in Thursday's "Times," indicates. "Will you let me give you one small result of this Government inquiry, quite unlocked for? It has stirred up a wholesome, but, I fear, only temporary, dread in the local authorities throughout the country, and has induced an activity in the departments responsible for the conditions of the dwellings of the poor, rarely paralleled." Even the anticipatory fear of facts thus operates in some measure as a reforming influence.

THE CHRISTIAN SHYLOCK.

THE new Chinese loan of £10,000,000 was floated in the City on Tuesday, when the first instalment of £5,000,000 was underwritten within three hours of the opening of the market. Underwriting, in these days of scientific finance, rarely involves risk, so that the rush to assume responsibility for this loan shows pretty clearly what the City thinks of it. Behind its promoters stand some of the leading financial houses in London, among them Lloyd's Bank, which is one of the most important banking firms in the country. It all goes to show two things; first, the confidence of British finance (which for many reasons is more intimately acquainted with Chinese conditions than that of any other country) in the stability of the new Republican régime in China, and in China's future; and, secondly, the high standing of Chinese credit, despite the Revolution of a few months ago and the subsequent disorders. It is instructive to compare China's position as a borrower with the almost bankrupt condition of Japan, one of the principals in the "Six Power" conspiracy against Chinese independence. Japan at this moment could not raise anything like £10,000,000 in the European money markets. There is little doubt that China could easily get almost anything she wants, if only international diplomacy would get out of the way. For the time being, therefore, it seems almost as if China's power to borrow in the open market has been restored. In fact, the exceptionally well-informed Peking correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" cables that the Six Power Syndicate has practically broken down before this powerful London attack. This may be so; but it should not be forgotten

that in this Six Power arrangement the principals are not the various banks, but the Six Powers themselves—Great Britain, France, Germany, the United States, Japan, and Russia—which entered into a secret compact last June in Paris regarding the future of China. Thus Lombard Street, in its loan venture, has opened battle, not with a privileged group of banks, but with the combined diplomacy of all the Great Powers interested in the Far East.

For their part the Six Powers have retaliated by striking at the security for the new loan. On Wednesday, the British Minister at Peking warned Yuan-Shi-Kai that the salt-tax surplus, upon which the new loan is based, is already ear-marked for the payment of the Boxer indemnity and certain loans. The Boxer indemnity payments are already about four million pounds in arrear, owing to their suspension during the Revolution; the period for a further payment is approaching. Other liabilities are the advances by the Six-Power group at the beginning of the year, the Russo-Belgian loan, and certain German and Japanese loans. The total is, approximately, £9,500,000. The British Minister's warning amounts to a sort of ultimatum. Under the Boxer indemnity agreement the Powers have the right, if China does not pay up, to foreclose upon the surplus revenues of the salt-tax. China is, therefore, presented with this alternative. She may free herself from the interference of the Powers by handing over to them nineteen-twentieths of the new loan almost as soon as she has raised it; or she must let her main source of income and the security for the new loan fall under foreign control. It looks as if China were in a cleft stick; but, on the whole, it would be wise to regard this hectoring move on the part of the Powers as mainly bluff. It is very hard, for example, to imagine even our Foreign Office actively exerting itself next year to cripple the important London houses which have negotiated this new loan. It is even more difficult to suppose that the United States, which, alone among the Christian nations, has had sufficient scruple to decline her share of the Boxer indemnity, will seriously join in a conspiracy to use this indemnity as a lever against Chinese freedom. It should be observed, moreover, that the Powers threaten to recover from China the whole amount of the various advances and loans made this year, and not merely the interest thereon. This is a procedure worthy of Shylock. It is incredible that when these sums were handed over it was intended that they should be repaid in full within a few months. At the time they were lent, China was in a state of civil war. The plea of the Powers seems to be that this money was obtained under false pretences; that China took it on the understanding that it was to be repaid out of the £60,000,000 loan. This plea cannot hold water, for if anything is certain in all this sordid intrigue, it is that from the very outset China has steadily refused to have anything to do with the Six Power loan of £60,000,000. And it is gross dishonesty on the very face of it, to say that the salt tax, which was to carry the colossal burden of the Six Power loan, does not suffice for a mere £10,000,000.

As to the outcome of this duel between Lombard Street and the Six Powers, it is very hard to prophesy.

The promoters of the London loan are not public benefactors; they are out for a share in the highly lucrative business of lending money to China, and to that end are determined to break down the barrier which has been erected against them, and against all other English houses but one. Perhaps the most likely sequel to the affair will be the inclusion of the London group in the Six Power loan of £60,000,000, which should afford ample pickings for everyone. In this case, China will find herself entirely at the mercy of the Six Powers again. But the chief hope for China in the long run is disunion among the Six Powers. This is by no means a remote contingency. It was only with reluctance, and after open menaces had been uttered, that Russia and Japan were admitted into the arrangement. The advantage of the new independent loan is that it may enable China to hold out for some time to come. Every month that passes increases the chance of dissolution of the Six Power League. The conditions of the rejected £60,000,000 loan have at last been published in New York. They confirm everything that we suspected about them. China was to surrender almost her whole system of government to foreign direction. But what of the secret conditions of Russia and Japan? Nothing is said of these; but they account in large part for the stubborn resistance of the Chinese Government. Not that there is any real secret. It is perfectly well known that pledges were given to these two Powers in Paris last June, to the effect that China shall be deprived of her sovereign rights over the territories beyond the Great Wall, and that the proceeds of the loan shall not be spent upon the Chinese Army. In other words, Mongolia and Manchuria are to become Russian and Japanese spheres of influence, and China is to be maintained in a permanent state of helplessness.

Why should our Foreign Office take part in this brutal scheme of oppression and exploitation? Our interest is not in the crippling of China, but in her regeneration and development. Sir Edward Grey must be perfectly aware of this, but his constitutional timidity in international affairs does not allow him to be a free agent. His one concern is that the old rivalry among the Powers in the Far East shall not be revived. He is anxious for the *entente* with Russia, which, he believes, is the mainstay of our position in Europe, and for the alliance with Japan. So intent is he on maintaining the delicate balance of power, that in every international deal Great Britain comes out the loser, and our policy becomes a record of recurring miscarriage and defeat. A more clear-sighted and stronger-nerved Minister would see that there is no permanent stability in this Six Power treaty, and that the dissensions that will eventually break out among its members will be infinitely more dangerous than any present divergence of interests would be. Russia and Japan are merely playing a bluff, both of them crippled financially, and Russia rendered almost impotent by the chaotic condition of her army and navy. The dangers which Sir Edward Grey fears, are remote and almost non-existent; the dangers that, in his obsession, he overlooks, are real, and grow more formidable with every passing hour.

THE CLAIM FOR A SHARE IN LIFE.

THE new hope of social reform in this country lies in a growing agreement upon the essentials of national well-being and a determination to move towards this ideal along a number of converging paths. Health, leisure, education, insurance, housing, improved transport, and utilisation of natural resources are important contributions, and public aid towards these objects is furnished by a new finance. But poverty, in its common, dismal meaning, blocks each path and wastes much of the economic and the spiritual force of each advance. No policy of public health, however enlightened and however well financed, can be effective for that portion of the people who cannot afford to buy enough good food, clothing, and shelter for their families. Housing reforms in country and in town are everywhere obstructed by low wages. The poor cannot afford to buy a shorter working day. Our expensive system of public schooling is largely wasted on the children of the poor. To ignorant, inefficient toilers, facilities of transport and formal access to the land are a snare or a futility. Worst of all, poverty turns discontent from being the moral food of progress into a corrosive poison.

The nucleus in our policy of organic reform must be the possession by every family of a money income adequate for all its economic needs. For the working classes this signifies a living wage. It is no valid criticism of this term that it admits no exact definition. Herein it shares not the vagueness but the expanding reality of life itself. For the claim is "for every man a man's share of what goes on in life." When, however, for practical purposes this "living wage" is expressed in terms of the bare needs of physical efficiency, a cash measure can be set upon it commanding wide assent. Most persons at all concerned for the condition of the people are fairly agreed that an ordinary working-class family in a town cannot be supported in decency and efficiency on a lower weekly income than 25s. Where Government Departments or large municipalities have accepted the policy of the living wage for their employees, they have seldom defended a lower limit than this sum. Since prices and requirements will vary as between town and country, district and district, trade and trade, no rigidly uniform national minimum money-wage can be laid down. But we have reached a time when public opinion is ripening or ripe for the enforcement of a minimum wage for all able-bodied adult workers, equivalent to what 25s. will buy in a large industrial town to-day.

The focussing of organised effort on the realisation of this claim is the most distinctive feature of the immediate policy of social reform. Its urgency has become graver, because the rise of prices within the last few years has converted it from a progressive into a defensive measure. For, unless this country is prepared to safeguard the income of the working classes, the insidious increase of the prices of food, housing, fuel, and other necessities will succeed in undermining the existing standard of real wages for all classes. These considerations give great value to the powerful presentation of the case for "The Living Wage," which Mr. Philip Snowden has just published (Hodder and

Stoughton). For its compact and skilful marshalling of evidence, as for the restrained force of argument which characterises it, this book deserves, and we think will obtain, the full attention of politicians and reformers of every party. After citing the general supports for the policy, Mr. Snowden adduces a startling array of authoritative figures showing the grave deficiency of wages in many of our larger representative industries. In the textile trades of the country the actual earnings of male operatives show 48.3 per cent. of them earning less than 25s. per week. Among the laborers in each branch of the building trades the percentage is much higher. The most shameful disclosure in the recent railway trouble has been the fact that nearly 100,000 adult employees are receiving less than a pound a week. Of the whole body of adult railway workers, no less than 60 per cent. are upon a wage of less than 25s. Far below this reasonable minimum lie whole clusters of trades, some of them involving considerable skill and arduous effort, notably the work of agriculture. Now, so far as they fail to pay wages which support a family efficiently, each of these trades is sweating and degrading a section of our population, disabling them from living a sound human life themselves, and from rearing a family to do good service to the commonwealth as workers and citizens.

What is to be done? A few thin, scattered voices from the past repeat the old phrases about liberty of individual contract, which always ignored the substance of liberty. A few others have the cunning to dress up their old individualism in the new finery of eugenics, warning us against the subsidisation of the "unfit." But the new conception of social health defies such intellectual atavism, demanding the realisation of a living wage, not as an individual right, but as a social security. How to get it, that is the problem. The appeal to unorganised public opinion, or to the individual conscience of employers, is quite inadequate, for trade competition does not give sufficient efficacy to the enlightened self-interest known as "the economy of high wages." It often seems to be, and sometimes is, profitable to employers to be sweaters. The real issue is between collective bargaining and State action, or some combination of the two. It is precisely upon this issue that Mr. Snowden's book is particularly instructive. For most of our labor leaders are primarily trade unionists, and would utilise political machinery as a mere accessory to collective bargaining. The steady refusal of the bulk of the Socialists in this country to consider seriously State compulsory arbitration, or any public interference with the liberty of private war between capital and labor in the several trades, is a curious commentary upon their conception of Socialism. Those who take this view—and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is amongst them—prefer that the living wage shall be obtained, not by Trades Boards or by State intervention, but by the pressure of the workers, organised in their several trades. But the critical form of this pressure is the strike. Now, as Mr. Snowden urges, there is no evidence of the practical ability of trade unions, either by pacific bargaining or by the strike, to secure a living wage. In numbers trade unionism has never been

so strong, but it has not been able to prevent the considerable fall of real wages in recent years. Never has the method of the strike been urged so frequently, and on so powerful a scale as during last year. But with what effect?

"The principal strikes of this series were the miners', the railwaymen's, and the transport workers'. There was also a strike of tailors in London, which involved a large number of workpeople. From the point of view of strikes, pure and simple, every one of these great disputes was a failure. It was the same with the lock-out in the cotton trade, which took place in the same period. The railwaymen went back to work in three days, saved from abject surrender by the interference of the Government. The miners' strike lasted for five weeks. It exhausted the resources of the unions, and again the men were saved by the action of Parliament. The London tailors' strike ended in the complete defeat of the workpeople, who, by a manifesto, admitted that they were driven back to work by starvation. All these strikes were conducted under circumstances as favorable as possible to the workers as circumstances are ever likely to be for a strike. The transport workers' strike, which took place in June, 1912, was hopeless from the beginning. The leaders soon recognised that; the employers knew it from the first."

The political-economic moral is obvious. The workers say they would prefer to settle their quarrels by "their own powerful right arm"; they do not trust Governments, who always in the last resort take sides with the employer. But this "own powerful right arm" is seen to be powerless to secure the needed rise of wages. The ineffectiveness of the strike, partial, sympathetic, general, is quite evident to the more level-headed labor leaders. Why, then, not set themselves to make a Government and a State which they can trust, and which will not "take sides with the employer"? Mr. Snowden powerfully urges the present experiments in Trade Boards and other public machinery of industrial democracy as precedents for a fuller and more systematic State intervention in favor of a living wage. It is idle to say that Governments ought not to and will not intervene in the great conflicts of capital and labor in the future. The public right of industrial peace must be made to overrule the license of private war. The only really feasible course for the workers is to see that this public policy is made consistent with their interests. So far, at any rate, as these interests are realised in a living wage, this is no class selfishness, but a truly social policy. It is neither a dictate of mere economic need nor of mob dominion. As the foremost requirement of the time, it is entitled to the fuller, deeper interpretation which Mr. Snowden, in one of his most eloquent passages, applies to it. "It is the moral impulse which is moving, not only the working class in their demands for better conditions, but those of the middle and upper classes who are aiding that movement. The labor unrest is not a desire for more wages, to spend in unworthy ways. It is the stirrings of a new life among the people. It is a demand for life, for more abundant life."

THE LAW AND THE MOTOR.

A LONG series of accidents during the holiday season shows that neither law nor opinion has yet succeeded in

adequately controlling the use of the motor. It is true that the proportion of considerate drivers has increased since the agitation on the subject some four years ago. Many cars are now driven at reasonable speed, without smell, and without constant resort to objectionable hooters or whistles. But, meanwhile, the actual number of cars and cycles on the roads has immensely increased, and, with the cheapening of the motor cycle, there is every probability of a still greater extension. Thus, the improvement in the practice of the better class of motorists is, from the point of view of the public, balanced by the sheer increase of numbers, and, particularly in holiday times, many people find it desirable to avoid the use of the main roads altogether, if they want pleasure or security. This state of things cannot permanently continue. The motorist is fond of replying to all complaints with the remark that the "motor has come to stay." No one doubts it. But he must, in turn, be compelled to admit that, even if the car abolish the horse and the bicycle, those who have only their feet to use are also here to stay, and will insist, in the end, on a reasonable measure of personal safety.

At present, this safety is not secured by the law or its administrators. The law fails at this point in one of its primary duties. The highways are public property, open to the use of all, and whoever walks upon them, or, until horses are prohibited, rides or drives upon them, is performing a lawful act, in which he ought to be protected from the risk of maiming or of death. For at inquest after inquest the same result occurs. Not only cases in which a child runs out from behind a cart, or a woman hesitates at a crossing, but, what is much more serious, cases in which a cyclist or pedestrian is run down from behind, are dismissed as cases of accident. In one instance, where a woman bicycling along the road after dark was caught from behind and killed, the Coroner tells the jury of the difficulties that he has had of avoiding accidents under similar circumstances, and lectures cyclists on the duty of providing themselves with rear-lights. Now it may be a very good thing that cyclists should carry rear-lights. But this was not the point in question. They are not at present bound to do so. The woman was performing a lawful act, and it was not suggested that she swerved or got out of her course. The verdict of "Accidental Death" in this instance simply meant that there is no obligation on the part of a motorist to keep a sufficient look-out ahead. He may go on at his own pace. If anyone gets in his way, that is not his fault. Proceedings of this sort show that the Coroner's Court is an inadequate tribunal for inquiry into motor fatalities. Nor is it easy to suggest any tribunal which would be active in the protection of the public. Coroners are motorists, magistrates are motorists. Juries are tradesmen whose towns have been boycotted by motorists in instances where they have sought to protect themselves by asking for a speed limit. The motorist moves under a law made by motorists, and administered by motorists. In this, as in most matters in our "democratic" country, the mass of the people have nothing to do with the laws except escape, if they can, from those who work and administer them.

The multiplication of motors, however, and par-

ticularly the cheapening of cars and cycles, which is disestablishing motoring from its position as a privilege of the rich, is beginning to affect the minds of the governing class, and we see even the motoring correspondents of some of the newspapers beginning to talk seriously of the question of control. Of course, if the speed limit were taken seriously, it could quite easily be enforced. Mechanical devices are perfectly possible which would absolutely prevent the speed from exceeding a given limit, and, short of these, an indicator at the rear of the car, with parti-colored surfaces, would suffice to show a passing policeman, without all the machinery of "traps," whether the pace was beyond the limit or not. But while twenty miles an hour may be exceeded without danger on straight and clear roads, even ten miles an hour is excessive in a village, where every cottage door opens on to the road, and children are constantly running in and out. That, substantially, no steps have been taken to alleviate what is a form of real tyranny to the poorer villagers in many parts of the country, is a reproach to our whole system of administration. The machinery for restricting speed is unworkable, and it has always been meant to be unworkable. The motorist comes from a distance, and shoots along the village street as though the road were a railway. He forgets, and the law allows him to forget, that, to the villagers, the road is the means of their daily communication. It is, to them, not a section of a long line of communication, but a bit of their familiar home surroundings, and he is, to them, an invader, who reckons nothing of their needs. As to those deviations which were to be among the gifts of the Road Board, we have heard nothing of them, except for a relief road which, we believe, is now being projected at Croydon. Meanwhile, the motorist is in a singularly irresponsible position. Not in one case out of a hundred does he pay any legal penalty for killing or maiming anyone on the road, and as to civil damage, he protects himself by insurance. We do not think that these conditions can be permanently maintained, and we are not surprised to see that the cyclist organisations are beginning to take the matter up. The British public is long-suffering to the point of servility; on this matter it has few avenues of expression, the press, like the authorities, being largely dominated by the motoring interest. Yet at the long last the sufferings of the people make themselves known, even in a democracy, and those motorists are greatly mistaken who compare the feeling aroused by the behavior of some of their number with that excited in the early days of the bicycle. The feeling against cyclists rapidly died away because the "scorcher" was ruthlessly put down by law and opinion. The feeling about motors did not arise till after the relaxation of the law in 1903, and since that time it has gathered strength year by year. There was every disposition to welcome a new invention and give it fair play. It is not prejudice, but the result of prolonged experience, which is teaching the public that the existing methods of controlling that invention are lamentably inadequate for the protection of those whose means do not allow them to enjoy it. And those will always be the vast majority of the people.

Life and Letters.

EUROPE AND ASIA.

OUTSIDE the Chancelleries of Europe there is probably no observer of contemporary affairs who has failed to be struck by the new movement in Asia. Beginning with the awakening of Japan, fifty years ago, and continued by the increasing absorption of Western ideas in India, this movement received its greatest impetus from the triumph of Japan over Russia in 1904. The Japanese victory dissipated the belief in the racial superiority of the Europeans, and shattered the prejudice which condemned every Oriental country to stagnation in a peculiar type of society, or, at best, to secondhand and ineffective imitation of European methods and machines. A wave of new hope spread over the Orient. The Indian movement took new life, Persia dethroned the Shah, Turkey the Sultan, China the Manchus. Any one of these movements taken alone would, in ordinary times, have been regarded as an event. Taken together they might be held to mark an epoch, and as such they were welcomed by that element in European Liberalism which looks forward to a world of free commonwealths united by friendly commercial relations, rather than a world of inferior yellow, brown, and black populations dominated by European officialism. The hopes born of these movements, it is now freely said, were too sanguine. The Young Turks have failed, and failed disastrously. Their Liberalism was but a veneer to amuse the Balkan Committee and the English Liberal Press. The Persians were a corrupt and incompetent lot. The Chinese will turn out no better. Asia must relapse into the darkness from which she seemed for a moment to emerge, and accept government by loan, or by hanging and quartering, as the case may be. The Ethiopian does not change his skin, nor the Asiatic his corruption.

But before we pass this verdict upon Asia, we may, with advantage, consider for a moment the behavior of Europe. How did the Great Powers take the uprising? There was the case of Turkey. Here was a ruling race which maintained its power in old days by the simple method of massacring malcontents. The great Christian Powers had long accustomed themselves to look on, and to say that no one of them was to be before the others in stopping the bloodshed. Once, indeed, when the streets of Constantinople ran red, they took action, so far as to refuse to illuminate their Embassies on the occasion of the Sultan's birthday. This was the limit of their audacity. For the rest, the Sultan was free to deal as he liked with the Christian dog. Then, out of the rottenness, and the misery, and the degradation of the country arose the Young Turks. This movement was, no doubt, in the main, military, national, and even Chauvinistic. Yet, even so, it was a movement for national regeneration, and it had a Liberal wing, which, under happier auspices, would have had a softening influence on its administration. How did Europe greet this movement? England, after a moment of welcome, gave her sympathy to the *coup d'état* by which the Sultan tried to suppress it. Austria, the moment that the revolution came uppermost, annexed Bosnia. Bulgaria proclaimed her independence. Italy, two years later, descended on Tripoli. On all sides the new movement found itself beset with enemies, all ready to take occasion of the passing weakness involved in the uprising, and to anticipate the day of coming strength by snipping off this or that piece of territory. Thus, by these means the Powers destroyed the Liberal element in the revolution, and brought every force of Chauvinism to the top. They turned round and said "What a bogus revolution it all was! What a sham, your Turkish Liberalism! How absurd to hope from an Oriental any of those graces of forbearance, humanity, kindness, justice, that are exemplified in every Christian Chancellery! What fools and blind those English Liberals who ever entertained a moment's hope of the Young Turk!" As though there were a nation in Europe in which it is not possible to drive out every thought of liberty and tolerance to pos-

sible enemies within, by threatening it with danger from without!

We freely admit the failure of the Young Turks. But even if they had been let alone, is it so very surprising that four years' experience should have failed to teach them all the lessons that have to be learnt for the successful governance of an exceeding complex population? They were not let alone, however. They were treated from the first by those very Powers who have assumed a tutelage of Turkey for her sins in the past in such a way as to stamp out every spark of good that there was in the movement. Yet their failure is now to become evidence against the Persians and the Chinese. Once more we are told that Persia is an Oriental country, where freedom, nationality, self-government, are names merely, and names which serve to adorn corruption and varnish anarchy. Persia, too, has failed—and fail she will might. If she gets a capable administrator, Russia and England will dismiss him. If she obtains a loan from a financial house, Russia and England will prevent all interference with their lending monopoly. Then they will tell her that her Treasury is empty, her gendarmerie unpaid, her roads consequently unsafe, that she is a corrupt and anarchical land, destitute of all Christian virtue and commercial capability, and that it is for them to administer her resources for her own good.

Then follows China. With extraordinary rapidity, and with a minimum of disorder, the Chinese, who were civilised when our ancestors ran about in woad, throw over a barbarian dynasty and elect to govern themselves. Before the new administration is well in the saddle, Russia has found a grievance in Mongolia, England in Thibet, while Japan has counterclaimed in Manchuria. China wants money to pay her troops, and perhaps to improve her defences. The Great Powers are mightily concerned for her inexperience. What can she do with ten millions? It will all be peculated by officials. She must have sixty millions, and she must get it from the Powers, who will take care of her revenues in return. Whatever happens, she is not to go of herself. She does not understand European finance, and is a babe lost in the mazes of the Bourse. So goes it, and perhaps in a few years the Powers will have throttled the new life of China, and all grave men will ridicule the simplicity of those who ever hoped anything from Sun Yat Sen.

But things in Asia will never again be quite what they have been. The Great Powers, whose Chancelleries and Foreign Offices are the focus of whatever there is in the world of cynicism, inhumanity, selfishness, short-sightedness, hypocrisy, may succeed in quenching the burning flax. Yet the fact that a spark was once kindled, however short its life, will never wholly be forgotten. The revival will come, and with it some bitter memories of the conduct of Europe. Nor will this country escape the general blame. A Liberalism, inspired by a single breath of the Gladstonian spirit, would have seen in the Oriental movement a hope, however precarious, a beginning, however faint, of a change of surpassing moment for its future—a change which, for an Asia the home of despotism and corruption, the field for European exploitation, the ever possible occasion of European war, would have substituted an Asia of free, independent, progressive communities, expanding markets for our trade, guarantors, along with us, of peace and civilisation.

THE MODERN AMBASSADOR.

THERE is something more than the common instinct of humanity and an admiration for a great figure on the world's stage in the regret with which Liberal Englishmen have learned of Baron Marshall's sudden death. There was a moment, but a few months back, when the news of his coming to London seemed to be the most auspicious which had reached us from Berlin for many a year. It seemed to mark the new departure, the deliberate and conscious turning-point in a road haunted by nightmares and perils. In the angry rivalry of two nations, the Germans seemed to have declared their will to start afresh, for they had chosen to conduct the

negotiations which were to lead to appeasement, the ablest and the biggest man in their diplomatic service. He left a post in which he had played the part rather of a statesman and a proconsul than of a mere ambassador, and one felt instinctively that he must strive in London to avoid an anti-climax to a career so strenuous. He had made Germany the first Power in the Near East, and he had achieved his end without warships. To have been in London merely the smooth conventional man of affairs, to have attained competence in business and popularity in society, would have been for a man with his past and reputation a relative failure. It must have been the will to make a great use of a tool so formidable which sent him here; it must have been the ambition to crown his work with an achievement yet more notable which led him to accept the post. For a great ambassador of Germany in London there is to-day only one possible rôle. The easy task is to perpetuate the rivalry. The great achievement would have been to end it. His death has removed a commanding personality from a diplomatic world curiously poor in notable men. But it is also, we believe, a loss which could have come at no more unlucky moment to the hopes of Anglo-German peace.

Throughout the last century, Constantinople had been the consecrated stage for diplomatists of genius. Here was the world's storm-centre, the gate of India, and the focus of Russian ambitions. The telegraph has everywhere made of the ambassador even of the greatest Power, little more than the clerk and the secretary of his Foreign Office. But in Turkey this gradual decline in personal influence was slower and less complete than elsewhere. Even to-day, Turkish statesmen do not make those periodical journeys to the European Courts which are now a recognised expedient in the diplomacy of other Powers, nor does the Sultan, even under the new régime, travel as Tsars and Kaisers do. The excessive complication of the issues gives to the man on the spot an authority which his colleagues in Paris or Berlin can never attain. Certain it is that in the annals, both of Great Britain and of Russia, an ambassador has often succeeded in imposing his personality upon the Eastern policy of his country. It was a British Ambassador who made the Crimean War, and a Russian Ambassador who did the forward work of Pan Slavism on the eve of the Russo-Turkish War. Later still, the consolidation of Bulgaria and all the change in our own attitude which that implied were the work far more of White in Constantinople than of anyone in Downing Street. These memories make their own romance around the palaces that overlook the sea-gate of two Continents. Here the human will has held its own against the machine, and the tradition of the pioneer lingered in spite of all the invasions of civilisation. For generations the Turks had thought of European diplomacy primarily as a duel between the Russian and the Englishman. Their typical methods were fixed like an established convention. Our great ambassadors acted mainly on the conviction which runs in the blood of our governing class, that the Oriental understands only force. A blunt word, an unveiled threat, was their chosen method, and the method succeeded because our fleet was always in the background. When a British Ambassador entered the Porte in those old days, the Pasha who bowed him to his seat saw in his shadow on the carpet a figure which resembled a three-decker or an ironclad. The Russian method was subtler. Ignatiev earned the title of the "Father of Lies." He had his pensioners in Porte and Palace. He had even Viziers in his pocket. A clever Russian diplomatist can use something of the art by which the Phanariot Greeks attained their supremacy. He can make the process of being deceived a keen intellectual pleasure. But he, too, for all his wiles, succeeds in the end by the simple prestige of force. He speaks for the great battalions that lie dimly somewhere in the snows beyond the frontier.

It was the distinction of Baron Marshall von Bieberstein that he won his great place in Turkey by neither of these methods. The German Fleet scarcely existed when first he went to Constantinople, and the German Army was only the friendly school to which

Turkish officers looked for their model and their training. His method was neither to wheedle nor to threaten, but to win acceptance as the disinterested adviser and friend. At the word "disinterested" in such a context the reader may be tempted to smile. The fact was that, with an admirable frankness, he contrived to define with a slightly cynical precision the limits of German interests. He pursued economic ends without a thought of concealment. He wanted trade for Hamburg, orders for Krupp's factory, opportunities for German banks, and, above all, concessions for German railroads. That was the clearly-understood assumption in all his intercourse; but for the rest, he contrived to convince his Turkish friends that he pursued no dangerous political aims for Germany. The struggles of rival races moved him neither to protests nor interventions. He stood aloof during massacres and rebellions. He pursued no schemes of reform, and was never suspected of cherishing a design of partition. To the mind of the Turkish soldier he proved the sincerity of his desire to see Turkey strong and great by the aid which he gave in the reorganisation of the army, and the use which the Bagdad Railway served in the perfection of Turkish schemes of mobilisation.

It was not, perhaps, surprising that a man who came to Turkey with this limited programme should have succeeded in a competition for influence against the Powers of the Concert. He affronted no prejudices, he assailed no vested interests. His personal ascendancy was tested only when he regained to the full all the influence which he had won under Abdul Hamid, after the fall of the creatures and the satellites who had learned to look upon him as a friend. It was a triumph for modern methods in diplomacy. He was always well-informed, and prodigal of his information. He used the press like a modern man, who knew that the world had somewhat changed since the Congress of Vienna. But, above all, he not only went to Court, and frequented the Ministries; he knew every Turk of talent—soldier, politician, or journalist—whom he could use to further his ends. A cool spectator will survey such a career with mixed feelings. The policy was one of narrow and self-regarding nationalism. The method was admirable in its genial humanity. A British Ambassador who had possessed one-half of his genius for human intercourse, one-half of his intelligence and power of sympathy, might have changed the whole course of the East. A notable career has ended with a limited achievement. Fate has stepped in to close the last chapter, which might have brought with it a larger service to humanity by the consolidation of Anglo-German peace.

FOOTPRINT AND BLOOD-MARK.

THAT great inquisitor of crime, Dr. Hans Gross (formerly magistrate at Czernovitz, now Professor of Criminal Law at the University of Graz), has observed that "the worst thing about footprints is that they are seldom where you want them." If they are "where you want them," it is as likely as not that they have been obliterated, or so far spoiled as to be useless for any purpose of investigation. This is unfortunate, inasmuch as, in cases of crime, a staring footprint may be as decisive as a well-defined blood-mark.

An early report of what was known as the Sevenoaks Tragedy contained this reference to the subject:—"The footprints have lost themselves in earlier ones, or been obliterated by later foot-passengers." No mischance is commoner. Had we the power possessed by the French police of isolating at once, and, as it were, sealing up the spot where a grave crime has been committed, justice might often avail itself of an immediate practical clue.

As regards the foot, there is an impression and there is a print, and the two must be discriminated. Any soft mass, such as clay, mud, or snow, will give us a rather definite and sometimes exact impression; in the open air, therefore, this may frequently be met with. But the print, as marked off from the impression, is rarely, in the perfect state, encountered out of doors.

Blood on a floor may furnish an excellent print, if the criminal has stepped in it, but prints as clear as this are seldom observed in unprotected places.

The science of the footprint, though in its infancy, is now a subject of very careful study; and while it may never yield—probably never could yield—results as astonishing as those obtained from the kindred science of the finger-print, it bids fair to be of immense help by-and-by to the trained and intelligent detective. German scientists are already well advanced in the matter, and we ourselves are beginning to learn how far the footprint may be interpreted, and in what ways the investigating officer may turn it to account; what clues the booted foot may give in comparison with the bare foot, and what superiority of physiognomy—if this use of the word is permitted—the latter has over the former. A Hans Gross will tell us (if the path be one on which an examination of footprints is possible) whether the tracks are those of a drunken man, a lame man, a man heavily loaded, a long-striding man, or one who, for some criminal or secret purpose, has been trying to double or return upon his footsteps.

Observe this rare expert at work on the trail of a criminal. He has with great pains dug out a footprint that he believes to be incriminating, and now he seeks the help of other experts. The medical expert should be able to inform him whether the owner of this foot has a corporeal infirmity of any kind—whether, for instance, he is a cripple or a paralytic. An intelligent local shoemaker

"will no doubt be able to say whether the shape of the shoe is common in the neighborhood, or, on the contrary, whence it is likely to come; whether the boot has been repaired, and what the repairs are; what class of persons is in the habit of wearing shoes of that kind; whether the wearer uses his shoes in a peculiar manner, wears out more on one toe than on another; and what peculiarities in the bodily build of the wearer experience teaches him are present," &c.

This is a good instance of the methods of the criminologists of the newest school, who leave nothing to chance, and snatch at every aid. The educated sportsman of large experience is another specialist whose help may prove invaluable in a hunt for footprints. He seeks and finds traces where no eye but his would be attentive. He knows the weather and its effects upon the tracks of animals; he can say how old a particular footprint is, at what speed the creature that made it was travelling, and whether it were wounded or fatigued. Every bush that has been rubbed against is a printed book to the gaze of the learned sportsman.

Footprints that can be turned to serious account are rarely discovered on the actual scene of crime; a little way off they may be and often are picked up. If a footprint noticed in such a situation is that of a person running (here, again, of course, the science of the observer comes into play), the suggestion is worth something. It may be further proved that the person running has not known his ground—as, if he has plunged through a briar, or rolled into a bush; circumstances of considerable suspicion. There would here be fair reasons for inferring that the runner had fled more or less at random in the dark.

As there are hidden handprints, so there may be hidden footprints. The French scientist, Forgeot, says:

"When a criminal rests his hand upon upholstery or hangings, or crosses a room barefoot, the perspiration leaves hidden prints which may be recognised with the help of chemical aids."

There may be no instance in which a footprint has been revealed in this manner; but it is obvious that, in places where an impression can be made, the naked foot will leave signs as the naked hand will.

The deciphering of a footprint is a problem composed of sundry elements. In France, Germany, and America it is being studied exhaustively, and results are on their way to us; but it is to the East that we must still go to learn how far the art of pursuing criminals by their footprints can really be carried. The Khojis, or trackers, of Northern India, form a caste whose profession, descending from father to son, was an ancient one when Clive first landed in India. Tales that would

be scouted had we not the proofs of them are even now told in India concerning the Khoji's power of following for days, through swamp and pass and jungle, a spoor that has been well-nigh effaced. A European wished to test the cunning of a famous local cow-tracker, employed by the natives on occasions of cattle-theft. A cow was taken a long distance from camp, and brought back by a circuitous route. The tracker was told that the cow was missing, and that he must find her.

"With head bent and eyes half-closed, and without betraying the slightest hesitation, he followed some faint traces in the sand that were scarcely discernible to those who accompanied him and watched his movements. As he followed the tracks, he kept up a running commentary, imparting his knowledge to the others as he acquired it. Thus he described the shape of the cow's feet, declared that the shoes worn by the thief were patched in two places, and that at a certain point he had taken them off; that he had a flat foot with a long big toe; that he was an old man, and belonged to a certain class accustomed to carry burdens. . . . He was somewhat puzzled and amused when he discovered that the tracks led him back again to the camp, where the cow and the man were found. Every deduction the tracker had made was correct."

We must not omit to note what Sir Edmund Cox is reported to have stated, that this wonderful hereditary art is gradually dying out.

It might be thought that the truth in crimes of violence is in general much more easily learned from blood-marks than from footprints. But a blood-mark is sometimes a very deceptive thing; and to distinguish traces of blood, in certain circumstances, on blades of grass, twigs, bushes, and stones, demands a fine power of perception, and some technical attainments. Bloodstains, acted on by various agents, are modified to browns, greens, greys, pinks—and occasionally are of no distinguishable hue. When in doubt, the investigating officer should call in the microscopist.

At a meeting of the British Association, Dr. E. J. McWeeney, in a paper entitled "Remarks on the Biological Method of Differentiating Bloodstains," made an important communication. The adept with his eye at the microscope would not and could not confound a bloodstain with a patch of rust, an old paint mark, or the stain of tobacco juice. When, however, he has been asked, "Whence comes this blood that you submit to us?" he has not always been able positively to answer the question—though he knows, of course, the difference between the blood of a mammalian and a non-mammalian animal. Dr. McWeeney has gone farther with the problem, and the results of his researches will assist the administration of criminal law. His method, which enables him to ascertain with certainty the species of animal from which a sample of blood is taken, has been adopted by the Irish Government.

It is unnecessary to insist that the search for traces of blood should be as minute as possible. Liman cites the case of the murder of a warder in a prison in Berlin. The murderer

"was a prisoner on remand, who affirmed that on attempting to escape he had been surprised by the warder in a corridor, and had been maltreated by him to such an extent that he had killed him in self-defence. He had then, he continued, carried the warder to his bed. A careful examination resulted in the discovery, on the wood of the head of the bed, of a little trail of blood containing a particle of brain matter. It was certain, therefore, that the warder had been assassinated in his bed, and not in the corridor; consequently, the whole story of the defence broke down."

Austrian criminologists have frequently discussed the Krumpendorf murder. The victim, a man, had received many wounds, and was covered with bloodstains, which, however, had been very carelessly scrutinised. Not until after the inquest was it perceived that the man's shirt showed, near the shoulder, a peculiar stain of blood, caked upon the linen.

"After a series of examinations and comparisons, it was concluded that this stain could only have been made by the murderer, who, after having placed his knee in a pool of blood, knelt upon the shoulder of his victim. The mark of cloth was clearly seen impressed in blood upon the shirt, thus giving a clue to the author of the crime."

An arrest was subsequently made, and the texture of the cloth of the prisoner's trousers, "which had in the

meantime been washed," agreed absolutely with the blood-mark on the shirt. This proved the strongest piece of evidence against the murderer.

Traces of blood are found in the most unlikely places: underneath the tops of tables, inside a chest of drawers, on curtains, on mantelpieces, high up on a wall, on a ceiling, and in the chinks of a floor. In clothes they may be perceived, with the help of microscope or magnifying-glass, in the seams and linings of pockets which the criminal has carelessly washed. The case is recorded of a prisoner, charged with murder, on the back of whose coat, between the shoulder-blades, were discovered two small drops of blood. The man, as he afterwards confessed, had slain his victim with a hatchet, and walked off from the scene with the weapon over his shoulder, blade upwards. Two drops, and no more, had trickled from the blade to his coat.

CLIPPING SUNDAY.

Our maidens must have garlands of flowers, and surely not of garden flowers. The roses with which our gardens are blooming luxuriantly beg in vain to be included in our chaplets. They learned to bloom so late, long after our feast was instituted, and we would use the same decoration that our remote forefathers used. Mother Earth still gives plenty of treasure even at the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary (Old Style), which is the day for clipping her church. Some fields are still so full of the delightful blue scabious that in the middle distance they swim with one solid mist of subdued and elusive azure. Our blue-eyed little maid shall have a chaplet of these to challenge her eyes. She shall have barley ears set among them for the flax of her hair, and what harm if a few reddish-brown elder leaves make answer to her cheeks? Then we have the bines of traveller's joy—sometimes run wholly to seed, sometimes with the pappus green-footed, sometimes (where the growth of a twig has been arrested) with fluffy little lamb's-down pom-poms. We have bryony fruited with red and lemon, with leaves in green or all the colors of autumn rainbow; we have coral-red hips and haws, yellow tansy, crimson knapweed, scarlet poppies, white campion—most of them grown precious by a little scarcity, but all to be had without much trouble. So we deck our little ones and our big maids each according to a mother's taste or fancy. We generally succeed in making our tots of seven look rather more like Bacchantes than Christian worshippers. The spirit of the old folk who made the clipping ceremony sees to that, for the feast has roots in a time when Paganism and the New Brotherhood had rather friendly thoughts towards one another. Be it how it may, here we are decked in the wild flowers and the wild fruits of autumn, ready to take part in our unique festival of the Clipping of the Church.

A multiplicity of fame and the changing nature of language give a little ambiguity to the expression, Clipping Sunday. The yews of Painswick are as famous as its feast. There are a round hundred of them, or perhaps ninety-nine. One legend says that they are uncountable, like the balls on Clare Bridge at Cambridge; another that whenever the attempt is made to plant the hundredth, one of the others dies. As it would take at least two hundred years to make the new tree match the old ones, the temptation to try Fate is not a great one. They are clipped yews, not "shrouded in impenetrable gloom," but "the giant locks shorn by the Delilah shears of decorum." The clipping is annual, and belongs to the week before Clipping Sunday. It is not that clipping, however, that we celebrate with banners and garlanded procession and a service in the churchyard. To clip is to embrace, as it was in the days of Shakespeare; and on Clipping Sunday we stand among our immemorial yews, almost the whole population of Painswick and many envious immigrants who have no such respectable antiquity of their own, to embrace our church.

We cannot quite raise a procession that will go once round the church, though we head it with the brass band, with banners, with the clergy of several parishes, and

sometimes the Bishop. The Fire Brigade is there in brightly-polished helmets, the Men's Bible Class, the Sidesmen, the Boy Scouts, the Choir in their surplices, the big girls of the Sunday School, and hordes of tiny garlanded Bacchantes. We come in at the lych-gate by the stocks, our one policeman seeing that way is made for us through the crowds of mere lookers-on. Painswick is rather given to looking-on, and any processionist above the age of seven has something of the look of an early martyr. There will be plenty of hands at the clipping, but this solemn walking under the cold public eye unnerves most of us. There is not only rather a lot of church about it, but it happens to be somewhat High Church—an undemocratic infliction for which we persist in thinking Rome is responsible. These clergy are not our clergy, but the church is ours, and we will clip it when they come to the singing of the clipping hymn.

Round the church three times goes the procession, the band blowing out a hymn of no fewer than twenty-six four-line verses. They are nice verses, too, as two of them will abundantly show:

"There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the Angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

"Te Deum doth Saint Ambrose sing,
Saint Austin doth the like;
Old Simeon and Zachary
Have not their songs to seek."

The clipping hymn has the same simplicity, reciting the perfection of the City of God, where "the forests ever blossom like our orchards here in May." But in the clipping hymn there comes a chorus between every other two verses:

"O, that I had wings of Angels
Here to spread and heavenward fly;
I would seek the gates of Zion,
Far beyond the starry sky."

Never was a chorus more easily learned. It is impossible to miss it more than once. As the procession goes round the church singing the clipping hymn, at every chorus it halts, and then everyone in the churchyard joins hands in a ring round the church, to sing the aspiration for wings to the tall and beautiful spire that points from the grey hillside town into the blue sky where our ancestors placed every perfection imagined but never attained in our world of moth and rust.

So much is left or made of Painswick Feast. We do not now sit at meat to celebrate the annual clipping or, as some say, embracing of the church. It seems a pity that, in a land where every temporal event is signalled by a dinner, the prototype of the Communion-table should have been eliminated from Church festivals. A real feast is undoubtedly part of the clipping ceremony if Painswick to-day had its rights. But it has gone, leaving behind it only the bad smell of the puppy-pie legend, for a long time held to be one of the most odious ever invented against a town. It is said that the lord of the manor who used to provide the feast found himself so short of meat that only a litter of puppies saved him from the odium of inhospitality. A good pie they made, no doubt, if the story of its composition had not got out. What was done to the lord of the manor, history does not say. It must have been something with boiling oil, if the exceeding tenderness of Painswick is any criterion of the resentment caused by that pie.

Until very recent years it was nearly as much as a man's life was worth to call his dog in the town by sucking his lips. But at last the joke came to be appreciated, even in Puppytown. After all, it was some very bygone stomachs that had been offended (though, by the way, Painswick is a town where men live for ever), and it is better to know some old thing about ourselves that is discreditable than not to have a history at all. To-day we see Painswick making fun of its own pie. A window displays an enormous pie ornamented with a crust of puppies, and a party of choice if unofficial spirits assembles at the hour of dinner and eats the same. It seems a much better way of living down a joke than going mad and flying for an axe when a possibly innocent stranger says "Bow-wow."

Short Studies.

A FAMILY GROUP.

MRS. JOHN GRANT, unshaken in the belief that God sent children, produced six daughters during the eleven years that her married life lasted. John Grant, who was thirty years older than his wife, had married partly because he was tired of living in ill-dusted rooms, and partly because it was so easy to fall in love with Laura Penfold's trim figure and domestic virtues. A solicitor with a considerable practice in one of the Northern manufacturing towns, he would have liked a son, but never complained. After the birth of the third daughter, Agatha, he ceased to attend church, and devoted his Sunday leisure thenceforward to the study of German philosophy. Sometimes after dinner he would read bits from Browning aloud to his wife, who preferred Tennyson. She had no time for novels, nor even for newspapers, when the children were small. John Grant liked to see them in dainty clothes; and as Mrs. Grant thought it almost immoral to buy clothing for children in shops, she made all their garments herself with infinite pains. It was wholly a labor of love. She grudged not a minute spent upon her flawless stitchery, and no children in Ribblesford were more exquisitely dressed. This vast amount of needlework, however, left her no leisure to play with the little girls, but in any case she knew no games. She never wondered what her children thought about. They played quietly, without quarrelling, and rarely asked questions.

When her eldest daughter, Cicely, was four years old, Mrs. Grant engaged a resident governess with unimpeachable references and a knowledge of Latin. This governess fostered in her six pupils a taste for book-learning, moderately good manners, and a passion for fresh air. Their mother continued to provide clothes, wholesome food, and suitable punishments when necessary; people spoke of her as an admirable parent. Their father, who frequently spent half an hour in the school-room on Saturdays, provided them with pocket-money. The children grew up healthy, orderly, taciturn, and inconveniently truthful. Their aunts considered them rude. Affection was not marked among them, and they could never be induced to kiss each other at bedtime.

Honor, the youngest, was three and a-half and had mastered the first volume of "Reading Without Tears," when the governess told them one morning that there would be no lessons that day because father had gone to heaven. Upon receiving this news they put away their books and slates and went into the garden to pick roses. Jane, who was nine and courageous, took the spoils into their father's room, and saw Death for the first time: it held no terrors for her. She stuck a large red rose in the top buttonhole of John Grant's nightshirt, giving his widow cause to wonder if she were a wholly heartless child. Mrs. Grant wished her children would display a more loving disposition. She wished they would sometimes climb on her knee and tell her their secrets. They never did. Perhaps they had no secrets. They were intolerably self-contained. None the less, she was resolved to do her duty by them, lest in after-years they should blame her for an ill-kept trust. An unselfish yearning possessed her to give them the best of everything that could be bought with money. Of more precious gifts—sympathy, confidence, understanding—she had no time to think.

Remembering the scanty opportunities of her own youth, she meant to open wide the doors of knowledge for her children. Nothing should hamper their intellectual growth. She believed in their brains as she believed in the omniscience of God. She read their school reports—monotonously eulogistic—with an exultation sometimes spiced with terror. If they were so clever as all that already, what heights of achievement mightn't they scale in the years to come? This meant, for her, what depths also mightn't they plumb? Clever people so often defied Mrs. Grundy, so often gave up going to church. Their father had ceased to attend, though he had always rented a pew for four. She was glad they

were not sons. Boys smoked, drank, gambled, got into debt, into darker mischief. Girls could be trusted. Cicely at sixteen was perfectly content to pass examinations, to dig in the garden, to read *Æschylus* for amusement in the holidays. Or was it Jane who liked Greek tragedy? Mrs. Grant could not remember their differing tastes. She paid their school-bills gladly, but she did not attempt to follow the growth of their individual minds. She was proud of their certificates and their calf-bound prizes; but, while these tangible symbols of their mental progress filled her with satisfaction, she remained a stranger to their inner mental life. She supposed that they thought the same thoughts which had illumined—how palely!—her own placid girlhood. A woman who had never dreamed any dreams, she assumed the transmission of intellectual habits with a certitude which would have been pathetic if it had been less irritating. She deemed it the duty of offspring to accept parental criticism without resentment. Her daughters, chafing, thought her tactless and unreasonable; always prompt to condemn, she was incapable of discrimination, and long after they had ceased to be schoolgirls she continued to find fault with meticulous conscientiousness.

Motherhood had sharpened neither her eyes nor her understanding. The souls of her children were outside her ken. She could usually tell when they suffered from headaches, but heartaches were beyond the range of her vision. Sometimes she fancied that they did not love her, but she would always dismiss this notion as preposterous. Children were bound to love their parents, since life was a gift one must needs be thankful for. She forgot, or had yet to learn, that decent manners can afford a tolerably effective substitute for filial piety. But as the years passed she began to detect an insincerity—was it not even at times a frank contempt?—in their civil tolerance of her opinions. Puzzled, resentful, and disappointed, she sought for some clue to their strangeness. Their aloofness struck her as unnatural. Other people's children were not like this—inscrutable, silent, inhumanly independent. Blindly Mrs. Grant stumbled among the facts at her mind's disposal, wondering which could be relevant to her problem.

The disabilities of middle-age—a slight deafness, an increasing irritability, an unconquerable melancholy—intensified her sense of alienation. At fifty-six she realised that she had never known her daughters; further, that it was now too late to make a beginning of knowledge. Dreams of grandchildren began then to sweeten the loneliness of her existence.

Cicely might marry. She was thirty-four, but nowadays women married late. Cicely was clever, restless, good-tempered, and untidy. She had taken an honors degree in classics, and once for a period of fifteen months she had taught Latin and Greek in a High School. She disliked the routine of school-life and the need for punctuality. Cicely wrote, without any view to possible publication, elaborate essays on subjects which interested her. She had never been ambitious.

Jane, the second daughter, hugged ambition in the nursery. From the age of four she had always hitched her wagon to a star. She meant to be rich, great, and good. Her aspirations were locked up securely in the treasure-house of her mind, but at times, in the privacy of her bedroom, she drew them forth and inspected them contentedly. Meanwhile she won prizes, gained a scholarship, took a First-class at Cambridge. She never tasted the discipline of failure. At twenty-two she wrote an article on "Manorial Housekeeping in the Middle Ages," and sent it to the editor of a half-crown Review; it was accepted and paid for. She wrote verse in metres imitated from the French, and was asked to write more. She reviewed books for a weekly paper of good standing. Thus she earned sufficient money for most of her needs. Travelling in quest of beauty, interest, and amusement, she always found what she sought. No possibility of disillusionment lay in wait for her. Self-centred and self-reliant, she knew every corner of her own soul. Jane was cold, logical, and unsympathetic, with a considerable capacity for enjoyment falling just short of happiness. She got a large amount of pleasure out of life, though she was aware that she would probably miss

the best things life held. Mrs. Grant had no hope that Jane would ever marry.

But Agatha might. Agatha had excellent opportunities, a typewriter, a tiny flat in London, and a steady income. She had disproved all Mrs. Grant's favorite theories about the necessity of a thorough training in the domestic arts. She had merely brought a mathematical mind to bear upon her private problems of housewifery, and Mrs. Grant was forced to admit that her omelettes would have done credit to a certificated cook. Agatha was bright, methodical, obstinate, and successful. People were usually ready to comply with her suggestions, which were distinguished by a cheerful common sense. She had tact, an even temper, and pretty clothes. Untroubled by emotional fevers, Agatha had many friends, both men and women.

Laura cared for nothing except music and mountains. Humanity bored or annoyed her. After three years at the Leipzig Conservatoire she spoke accurate German, and played the piano and the violoncello with an admirable mastery of technical difficulties and some feeling. An uncompromising individualist, she made no concessions to the failings or fads of her fellow-creatures. Perfect physical health and abounding energy were her portion. Every other year, before the summer tourist season began, she enjoyed a solitary ramble in Switzerland, staying at cheap hotels in unfashionable districts.

Elizabeth, the fifth sister, pitied the heathen and joined a Zenana Mission after leaving Cambridge. She was warm-hearted and well-intentioned, persevering and profoundly sincere—a competent missionary, but unsuited to family life. She possessed neither tact nor a saving sense of humor, and could not put off the garment of righteousness. Naturally impatient, she found it difficult or superfluous to curb her temper without the stimulus of an alien environment. Elizabeth believed that celibacy was an essential condition of earnest work in the world. Mrs. Grant, however, fancied that she might some day fall in love with a clergyman.

Honor, the youngest daughter, who was undeniably pretty, had never troubled to take a degree. Without any conspicuous ability, she could do a large number of things moderately well. She had artistic tastes, and embroidered her own dresses. In winter she played hockey, carved small articles suitable for bazaars, and read polemical literature relating to religion. In summer she played tennis, took photographs, and idled in the garden. She was an assiduous churchgoer, abstained from chocolates during Lent, and helped with the decorations at Christmas and Easter. Her church needlework was much admired. Although her spiritual efforts were chiefly directed to the salvation of her own soul, she found time to visit two or three crippled children who lived in clean homes. Honor had never earned a shilling.

Mrs. Grant, tenderly fingering little garments grown yellow from disuse, continued to cherish her visions of possible grandchildren. They were to be boys.

ANGELA GORDON.

The Drama.

SHAKSPERE COME AGAIN.

"The Winter's Tale." Produced at the Savoy Theatre by Granville Barker.

MR. GRANVILLE BARKER will, I hope, congratulate himself and his fellow-artists with some warmth on the greeting accorded to his production of "The Winter's Tale." For consider the gravity of the outrage he has perpetrated on our accepted canons of dramatic art! For generations our critics have only been allowed to see such parts of a play of Shakspeare as escaped the sub-editorial scissors of our great "producers." Mr. Barker has actually presented them with such a play pretty well as Shakspeare wrote it. He has done more and

worse than this. He has put this play on the stage much as Shakspeare meant it should be placed—that is to say, without an enveloping mist of washy scenery and washy music, processions, dançings, posings; a maze of dull and costly gaudiness in dress; elocution at about forty words a minute, and such delicate contrivances in the way of “business” as the taste and fancy of the individual artist suggested. This is a great change. Is it a good one? Shakspeare wrote “tales”; had, indeed, a miraculous gift of telling them, and transporting his readers into the fairyland of his own dreams. Is it not pleasant to have one of these delightful *contes* related with proper ease and briskness of motion, concluded within a little over three hours, and accompanied by its full play of humor, character and incident? Is it not pleasant to have only one pause in the telling—that which the flight of years imposes, and which introduces us to Perdita grown a lovely girl from the heap of swaddling clothes over which Paulina croons in the early scenes? And is it not charming to find that this method introduces one to such unexpected pleasures as the gloriously-spoken speech of the Third Gentleman? And, also, that instead of the eye being confused and overlaid with excessive coloring, it is fixed on a few very beautiful and richly adorned figures, standing out from a simply-contrived background—itsself admirable in color, but designed as a part only of the general stage picture? Personally, I have to complain that some of these figures by Mr. Rothenstein were too attractive—that I found my attention wandering from the play to them, and trying to fit them with my recollections of Pinturicchio and John Bellini (Giulio Romano, from whom they seem to have been freely designed, I do not remember, and never liked). But, at least, here was Shakspeare, gay and sprightly, rescued from the boredom, the vanity and expense, of the modern theatre, dressed indeed in fresh guise, and with touches of the extravagant world of the Renaissance of which he was a child, but magically attired also in the robes of his native fancy.

Let me, then, enumerate a little more closely the gain to Shakspearean production which Mr. Barker's method has brought with it. It makes undoubtedly against the slow, formal, elocutionary fashion which is the mode and to some extent the bane of English acting. Who wishes to preserve it? None who have mastered their first bewilderment at the brilliant fluency of the best French dramatic artists. None who realise that the too abundant stressing of English actors, of which Mr. Poel complained in recent numbers of *THE NATION*, destroys the true coloring of dramatic speech, and seeks to extract from it a wealth of meaning which it will not bear. The audience must be mentally alert enough to follow a reasonably rapid delivery, and to conceive the artist's effort to be the rendering of a general strain of thought and character. This conception of the actor's art does indeed call for special training on his part, and if some sentences in Mr. Ainley's very fine representation of Leontes are blurred, the defect is excusable, and arises from the artist's effort to represent the King's fevered, irrational, or, as we prefer to call it, neurotic mood and temperament. The jealousy of Leontes, unlike Othello's, is purely self-caused; it is one of those perverse and thoughtless movements of the mind which seem and look like “possession” by the devil. Speech will indeed be incoherent when the spirit is so, but Shakspeare meant you to hear Leontes's ravings. The difficulty of Mr. Ainley's task was that the play was taken at a brisk, though not hurried, pace, and that the old habit of dawdling unfits our actors for the physical task of combining audibility with the adequate expression of highly-wrought feeling. In the calm autumn mood of the second half of the play, Mr. Ainley was perfect, and its poetry, its picture of middle-age reconciled and oblivious of its sufferings in the serene presence of youth, fresh and sane and radiant with self-won happiness, is all the finer because the spectator has been able to see the complete development of the tale in reasonable perspective.

For the rest, I missed nothing of the dialogue, save

so much of it as I lost in admiration of the strangeness of the setting, and the incidental beauty of this or that costume or arrangement. Nor could I perceive eccentricity of design—“post-impressionist” or other—in the mechanism or the adornment of the play. The stage is as near as possible to Shakspeare's stage. Its separation by curtains into a raised and ample background presenting the greater action, and a descending platform for delivering the incidental and explanatory speeches, and exhibiting the minor incidents, has an obvious dramatic usefulness. The play swings easily along—doubtless, as Shakspeare designed it—with no labored scenic interludes and interventions, and with no loss of illusion. Or take the decorative treatment. Pleasure in color is attained, not by diffusing it meaninglessly over a picture, but by heightening and emphasising it at the point where the effect is sought. Such a background as that of the Sicilian Palace, with its white, plain columns, and gold hangings between, was a proper artistic device, suggesting with sufficient precision the magnificence of a great hall, and fixing the eye on the rich devices which clothed the individual actors and their attendants. The dresses, as I have said, were Renaissance dresses, just those which Mr. Barker properly judges to have been Shakspeare's inevitable choice if he followed the artistic custom of his time. And if anyone tells me that he missed the foot-lights, or the orchestra, or the crowd of supers, or the great set scenes, or the rest of the solemn frippery of the Shakspearean revival, when once his imagination was fairly centred on this charming idyll, I shall take leave to doubt him. What is clear is that Mr. Barker has at one stroke destroyed the old way of playing Shakspeare, and reopened the theatre to thousands who were instinctively repelled from it by the superior refinement of their taste in musical or representative art. This is not the highest work of the modern theatre. But it is a great merit to save Shakspeare from Suburbia, and to restore him to the service of poetry and the imagination.

Not that the reforms of Mr. Barker, salutary and highly stimulating as they are to the æsthetic sense, are quite free from peril to the moral-intellectual drama. Mr. Shaw will have it that Shakspeare makes no great contribution to this end of literature, and in proving his case, is, I think, a little blind to the great moral effect of an immense picture of life drawn with so much tenderness and so much breadth, such interest in, and love for, its quaint many-sidedness. Shakspeare's strength is his poetry; yes, but the subject-matter of poetry is humanity, and there is a little risk of disguising the human qualities of such a fairy tale as that of Hermione and Perdita in its sensuous adornment. Obviously, the Savoy production is a very beautiful thing; and yet one beauty, that of Perdita, did not appear in it. A part cause was that the young actress selected hardly possessed the stature required to distinguish Perdita, the queen of curds and cream, from the enveloping crowd of mere milk-maids and hand-maids. Her costume was surely designed for a taller figure; and Perdita's serene joyousness must mark itself out from mere romps like Mopsa and Dorcas. Moreover, she must speak her lines perfectly, for they are some of the most beautiful that Shakspeare ever wrote. She must, indeed, be an opening flower of rare loveliness; not a pretty wild slip from a rustic posy. At the Savoy these beauties are hardly distinguished; and the Warwickshire revels, brilliantly colored as they are, and bright and skittish in movement, somewhat overpowered the action and the personality of Perdita. A little more and one feels that Mr. Barker might slip into the ingenious heresy of Mr. Craig, and make pantomime the master instead of the servant of the play. Miss McCarthy does not so deal with Hermione; she keeps her reserved and a little statuesque, but that is essentially right. And Miss Beringer has full freedom to develop the attributes of Paulina, whom Shakspeare wrought from the Emilia of “Othello” into the perfect stature of womanhood. But even if “The Winter's Tale” were made a trifle too pantomimic, who, when a charming gift is presented him, com-

plains because it is not richer still? The Savoy version is a revival of the Shakspearean play in the sense that freshness of view and love of the past are combined so as to give Shakspeare a new life, and the theatre a fresh food of pleasure.

H. W. M.

Letters to the Editor.

LIBERALS AND THE RUIN OF PERSIA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Professor Browne asks, in last week's *NATION*, a question that must have troubled very many of us: What steps can we take to give effect to our loathing at seeing our country held to a policy of treachery and of folly in Persia—and, it may be, in China also? Our indignation burns to waste for want of an engine to drive. We need to express our convictions in action. Dr. Browne points out how impossible effective action is, as things now stand, and how useless is the education of public opinion while this opportunity is wanting.

In view of the apparent impossibility of more direct action, would it be altogether useless to found a league of persons pledged to vote or work only for candidates strong for a reversal of the present policy of forwarding Russian ambition in Persia and elsewhere, and determined to bring our Foreign Office once more under the control of Parliament? The membership would, undoubtedly, be imposing, and the league would give us all an opportunity for hopeful work in place of impotent chafing. Then, it would be worth while to try to get our neighbors to realise how, gloriously strong, in honorable alliance with Germany in Europe, we might take our place as the natural friend and champion of those Eastern peoples, now so deeply stirred with the spirit of nationality and the impulse of renaissance—whose future contribution to human thought and effort may be so precious.—Yours, &c.,

E. M. D. M.

Leeds, September 25th, 1912.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Professor Browne's letter is not only a challenge to those hitherto uninterested: it leads up to the question—perhaps the most urgent and the most difficult of all now before the progressive politicians of this country—how to give Parliamentary and executive effect to the volume of opinion they can command in the country. For let us lay firmly hold of one fact at the outset. The volume of opinion consciously and actively against Sir Edward Grey's policy is much larger than any effective expression it receives; the volume of opinion partially, feebly, intermittently, or potentially hostile is immensely greater still. There is, indeed, some real indifference to foreign, as there is to home policy—more, because the connection with self-interest is less evident. But there is much more coolness, wrongly diagnosed as indifference—a failure fully to realise the facts, still oftener to co-relate them, to see them as a whole, a feeling of impotence because, as Professor Browne himself observes, there is no simple, sudden cure for the evil in which we are entangled. In the days before Mr. Lloyd George and the Labor Party, when Gladstone and Disraeli dramatically personified two opposite policies, it was easy for a much smaller electorate to understand the facts, the principles, and the remedies. What the Tories lose in home policy by having no Disraeli, we lose, and much more, in foreign policy by having no Gladstone. The wage-earner, on 30s. a week, wonders, like Professor Browne, what to do; but he is not "indifferent."

Your correspondent, whose educational work on the subject of Persia is beyond praise, asks for a plan of action. I suggest that the most effective propaganda that can be conceived will be useless without a clear and large objective, accepted up to the hilt by a certain number of competent exponents and organisers. The weakness of the Persian Committee, excellent as its work has been, is that many of

its members, and some of its leaders, have been afraid of the logic of their cause, afraid of probing the mischief to its source, and exposing the roots of it. There was a very significant incident at the Opera House meeting to which Professor Browne refers. The Chairman, in his opening speech, laboriously explained to an evidently unsympathetic audience, that there was to be no attack on the Russian Government; in fact, everything was to be most respectable and moderate, not to say smug and official. Several speakers obediently followed this ruling. Then, Mr. Morrell and Mr. Ponsonby broke boldly through with some plain truths, and, to the tune of thousand-voiced cheering, the meeting was a success. Plain-speaking is the first condition of any successful propaganda among the masses of the people, the only kind of steam that can set the engine of the national mind in motion.

And this plain speaking must be informed, not only with a knowledge of detailed facts, but with the power of gathering and presenting all the various parts of so large a problem as this. Persia is but one, though an aggravated, symptom of the disease. We deserted Armenia long before we deserted Persia, and we deserted both to please the Russian Government. The poisonous character of Russian official policy has been familiar to students in this country for twenty years. The anti-German bias of the Foreign Office, and Sir Edward Grey's adoption of that bias, are more recent, but still not new facts; yet, you will hear good, amiable, middle-class pacifists, who earnestly desire to see a concerted international arrest of armaments, and recognise the peril of a European war, protest, in the spirit of the Chairman of the Opera House meeting, that we must go gently, with due deference to our masters in Whitehall. We must suppose them unconscious of the implicit contradiction; but it should be understood that steam cannot be raised in any boiler without the use of combustible material. It is not, then, a mere exhibition of photographs that is needed, but the statement in unmistakably simple language of a foreign policy, in which, perhaps, these would be the leading points:—

1. Sir Edward Grey must bow, or go.
2. Russia, and the Russo-French connection, must no longer dominate British action.
3. A settlement with Germany must be earnestly and immediately sought.

When a certain number of men, competent for agitation, accept some such basis as this, it might be well to convene a conference for the consideration of the "plan of action" which Professor Browne desires—that is, for the long overdue modification of propaganda methods called for by a generation that knows neither Gladstone nor Schnadhorst.—Yours, &c.,

THE AUTHOR OF "OUR FOREIGN POLICY AND SIR EDWARD GREY'S FAILURE."

September 23rd, 1912.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Professor Browne appeals for further correspondence on the Persian situation, suggesting an effective course of action. I should like to urge what I believe to be the only possible policy. It seems perfectly clear that so long as Sir Edward Grey remains at the Foreign Office we need hope for no justice to weaker nations; the China Loan incident indicates the extent of his subjection to Russian influence. The persistent demands for his removal from the Foreign Secretaryship have been ignored by the Cabinet. It is obvious, therefore, that the official Liberal Party will give no satisfaction. We have little reason to believe that a Tory Government would prove less reactionary.

Hope lies in the Labor Party, and in the Labor Party alone. It has strenuously fought the battle of suppressed nationalities, as the following facts indicate. During the Midlothian election campaign the Foreign Minister's present policy was repeatedly denounced from the Labor platforms. The "Labor Leader," in its editorials and in signed articles, has made a continuous protest against the shameful violation of our pledge to safeguard the integrity and independence of Persia. The Annual Conference of the party at Birmingham unanimously carried this resolution, moved by Mr. Hardie, and seconded by Mr. W. C. Anderson:—

"That this Congress, believing the anti-German policy pursued in the name of the British Government by Sir Edward

Grey to be a cause of increasing armaments, international ill-will, and the betrayal of oppressed nationalities, protests in the strongest terms against it. The Conference is of opinion that this diplomacy has led the present Government to risk war with Germany in the interests of financiers over Morocco, to condone the Italian outrage in Tripoli, the Russian theft in Mongolia, and, above all, to join hands with Russia in making an assault on the national independence and freedom of Persia. It places on record its deepest sympathy with, and support of, the Persian people, and calls upon the Labor Party in Parliament to fight for a reversal of the present foreign policy."

The party in Parliament has responded to the call, and has frequently protested against the partition of Persia, and against the general trend of Sir Edward Grey's diplomacy.

If Professor Browne, and others who feel deeply the dishonor which Sir Edward Grey has brought upon the British nation, will give their whole support to the Labor Party, the Cabinet will begin to realise that it has gone too far, and that its degrading policy is alienating the sympathies of men who have long been loyal to Liberalism.—Yours, &c.,

CLEMENT J. BUNDUCK.

Levenshulme, Manchester.
September 26th, 1912.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—With reference to the series of photographs of the Russian cruelties in Tabriz, the violent attacks on Mr. G. D. Turner and Professor Browne by the "Pall Mall Gazette" demonstrate the extreme uneasiness felt by the "small but powerful clique of diplomatists, officials, financialists, and journalists," lest these damning pieces of evidence of Russia's characteristic despotic methods should open the eyes of the English people. It is good to know that four of these photographs have lately seen the light, but it is obvious that their reproduction in the "Sphere" and "Egypt" will only affect a relatively small audience. Nor would their publication in book form reach more than a public of a few thousands, mostly of your own way of thinking. I would urge, therefore, (a) that the photographs of these hanged and tortured Persian patriots be issued by the Persian Committee in the form of a penny pamphlet, with appropriate letterpress; (b) that the editors of the "Daily News and Leader," the "Manchester Guardian," and the other Liberal newspapers in sympathy with Persia, be invited to advertise the pamphlet free, and to keep a supply in stock for applicants; (c) that free copies be posted to every Liberal and Labor club, and to every minister of religion in the United Kingdom; and (d) that all your readers, and Liberals generally, who are opposed to the Anglo-Russian alliance should send a subscription to the Persian Committee, along with a request for as many copies of the pamphlet as each may see his way to distribute—a course I am myself adopting. May I suggest also that the publisher of Mr. Morgan Schuster's "The Strangling of Persia," should make arrangements, as early as possible, to place a cheap, popular edition of the book on the market. The price of the volume (12s. 6d.) must inevitably restrict its circulation to the rich and the circulating library readers. No doubt funds could be raised, if necessary, by the friends of Persia to facilitate this object.—Yours &c.,

EDWARD GARNETT.

The Cearne, Nr. Edenbridge.
September 23rd, 1912.

THE SPENDING OF THE NEW REVENUE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I agree with Lady Wenlock that the "questions of interest to inquiring minds" which she propounds in her letter of September 20th, should be answered without that "disdain" which she seems to apprehend.

I do not know whether any facts or figures have been published to support the statement that the death duties payable by Miss Lawley amount to confiscation of her entire income for eight years. In the few cases in which I have seen actual figures given in support of complaints about the death duties, the "inheritor's entire income" has been calculated on the basis that all outgoings connected with the property must be deducted from the gross income. The inquiring mind ought to have a chance of applying to landed property the same economic considerations as are

applied to other property, of separating outgoings necessary to produce income from outgoings merely incidental to personal enjoyment. There is, no doubt, an alleged "hardship" arising from the fact that landed property is valued at a rate disproportionate to its actual yield in income, but this is a consequence of the value set upon ownership of land over and above its economic value as an investment. There is no real hardship in the fact that this value cannot pass to an inheritor without the same taxation as other property. An inheritor has no claim to special consideration from the State by reason of the mode of investment preferred by the person from whom he inherits.

There may be special circumstances in the case of Miss Lawley's inheritance, but there is nothing at present to show that she is called upon to bear a greater burden of taxation than an inheritor of personal property of equal value would have to bear, or, to take the case out of the general proposition, that all taxation tends to diminish the expenditure of the taxpayer and increase that of the State. Whether this is desirable or not, is a question which cannot be answered by considering merely the interest of landowners and their dependents, and assuming that the well-being of the nation would be better served by relieving this particular class from this particular burden, and putting it on other shoulders, or stinting social reforms for the special benefit of that class.

The last two sentences of the letter seem to suggest that the "inquiring mind" may be guided to a just and generous conclusion by Lady Wenlock's views of the ignoble condition and aspirations of "Radicals" and their Government. Your readers will, however, have their own standard of the consideration due to political opponents. Personally, I have found enough of fair-mindedness on the part of those who have been more or less troubled about the death duties during the eighteen years which have elapsed since Sir William Harcourt's Act, to make a departure from the principle which underlay that Act very unlikely; but we are not at the end of the application of that principle, and the fair discussion of all cases of alleged hardship may be useful.—Yours, &c.,

W. P. BEALE.

September 23rd, 1912.

THE DECADENCE OF THE PULPIT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—All who are indebted to Robertson of Brighton, are indebted to you for the wise and understanding article in the current issue of *THE NATION*, and I personally am under an especial obligation. The title of the article, however—"The Decadence of the Pulpit"—and the statement that "the London pulpit is a sheer dreariness," while the Edinburgh pulpit "is an intellectual treat," are, to say the least, curious. I anticipated your contributor would proceed to qualify his sweeping generalisations, but no single star redeems the "obscure night" in which the metropolitan pulpit sky is involved. So far from agreeing with him, I doubt whether the London pulpit at any period of its long history shone with more lustre than it does to-day.

Your contributor compares the Edinburgh pulpit with that of London to the entire disadvantage of the latter, but the crowning glory of the former—Dr. Alexander Whyte—has partially retired, and, delightful as are the Rev. John Kelman's gifts, it can hardly be seriously urged that these eclipse those of the whole London pulpit firmament. That firmament includes the Rev. R. J. Campbell, Dr. Clifford, Dr. Campbell Morgan, Dr. Charles Brown, Canon Newbolt, Dr. Horton, Canon Henson, the Rev. C. Silvester Horne, the Rev. Father Stanton, the Rev. J. E. Rattenbury, and the Rev. Thomas Phillips. Until recently it included Canon Scott Holland, whose departure from St. Paul's equalled, if it did not surpass, the loss the metropolitan pulpit sustained when his friend, Canon Gore (as he then was), left Westminster for Birmingham.

Comparisons, always odious, are never more odious than when preachers are discussed, and it would be an ungracious task to pit Dr. Parker's successor against Dr. Parker, Dr. Campbell Morgan against Mr. Spurgeon, or Dr. Clifford against Canon Liddon, but one may surely be permitted to hold, and if need be maintain, that these preachers are little, if at all, inferior to the famous men I

have named. I join, for example, with the most ardent of the late Dr. Parker's admirers in admitting his genius, but see in it no reason for failing to appreciate the equal genius of Mr. Campbell, who for almost ten years has been preaching to between 6,000 and 7,000 persons each Sunday, and maintaining the difficult noon-day service on Thursdays at its highest level. Dr. Campbell Morgan has accomplished a like feat at Westminster Chapel, while Dr. Clifford, who has ministered at the same church for fifty-four years, still fills "Westbourne Park," his intellectual eye undimmed, and his spiritual force unabated. The same attractive power is shown by Father Stanton at St. Alban's, by the Rev. C. Silvester Horne at "Whitefields," by Canon Newbolt at St. Paul's, by Dr. Charles Brown at Homsey, by Dr. Horton at Hampstead, by the Rev. J. E. Rattenbury at the Lyceum Theatre, by Canon Henson at St. Margaret's, and by the Rev. Thomas Phillips at "Bloomsbury." If it is urged that numbers are not the final test of preaching, I should agree, but it happens to be the test referred to by your contributor.—Yours, &c.,

R. MUDIE-SMITH.

62, Rotherwick Road, Golders Green, N.W.

September 23rd, 1912.

[The reference was more to the Episcopalian than to the non-Episcopalian Churches.—ED., NATION.]

NIETZSCHE AND THE BELFAST LIBRARY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have just heard that the Library Committee of the City of Belfast has come to the decision to remove the works of Nietzsche from the shelves of the Institution under their care. Having, besides, had some private information that other Libraries may possibly follow suit in this matter, I beg to point out a certain inconvenience which might result from such a decision.

Nietzsche's thought, whether we think it pernicious or not, has most certainly influenced a great many writers in the last few decades, some of the most important in England, as well as on the Continent, amongst them. They may have, as many critics hold, mitigated and improved the Nietzschean morality, or they may, as I personally hold, have emasculated or misunderstood the German philosopher. One thing, in my opinion, is quite certain, that it is an injustice to these writers, as well as to Nietzsche, if even the possibility of a comparison of their views and those of their master is made impossible. And if the pupils are freely admitted, why exclude the source of their inspiration?

There is an additional point to be considered in connection with this question. Of course, everybody has the right to be a master in his own house, and no one can blame the City of Belfast if it has decided upon the same course as the Pope of Rome, who has likewise put the works of Friedrich Nietzsche upon the "Index Expurgatorius." I only wish to point out a certain difference between them and their Catholic brethren. For the decision of the Belfast authorities actually forbids the reading of Nietzsche to every reader of the library, while the Papal command only concerns the laity, every priest having a perfect right to read Nietzsche or not to read him, just as he likes. And what about the idea of liberty of thought for which Protestantism is reputed to stand?—Yours, &c.,

OSCAR LEVY.

(Editor of the authorised English version of Nietzsche's Works.)

54, Russell Square, W.C.

September 22nd, 1912.

QUEEN ISABELLA AND CASTLE RISING.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—My NATION, the gift of a friend, reaches me late. I have, therefore, only just read the interesting article on "Old World Places," in the issue of August 24th.

Castle Rising! A beautiful name indeed; and a ghostly place, as every visitor to Hunstanton knows; ever to be associated in the popular imagination with the seclusion and possible repentance of a bad woman. But the idea that Queen Isabella spent the last thirty years of her life isolated in that gloomy fortress is now proved to be incorrect.* The

first months following her fall were spent at Berkhamstead. Later she visited at Windsor, Eltham, Pontefract, and Norwich; and she died at Hertford. Coventry should also be included in the list of "her favorite places of abode"; for the manor house and park, from which the first Lord Cheylesmore took his title, was granted by Edward III. to his mother for her life. The estate was afterwards annexed to the Duchy of Cornwall, and, after the death of the Queen-Dowager, passed into the possession of successive Princes of Wales. It remained nominally theirs, though generally leased to the city for the benefit of the inhabitants, until Parliament, in the reign of George III., sanctioned its sale to the Marquis of Hertford on payment of the Prince's debts. Queen Isabella not only resided here occasionally, but she exercised considerable influence over local affairs, as several charters in the possession of the Corporation testify. Thus the Charter of Incorporation (1344) was granted at her "instance and request." Another of the letters patent, written in French, and dated (May 7th, 1344) from Castle Rising, and signed by "Isabella, the Queen-Mother," grants "to the good people of the Guild of St. John the Baptist, in the town of Coventre, a piece of land called Babelak (Bablake) in the same town, in order that they may there build a chapel in honor of God and St. John the Baptist, and have there two chaplains daily chanting masses and other divine services for the good estate of said Queen's dear son, the King, and of the said Queen Isabella, and of her daughter, the Queen Philippa, and for the Prince of Wales, during their lives, and for their souls when they shall have died, and for the soul of the Queen's dear lord (!) the late King of England, &c."

Isabella's castle at Cheylesmore would have been the temporary residence of another unfortunate queen (Mary of Scots) in 1568; but its condition was then too ruinous for either comfort or safety, and its demolition must have been begun shortly afterwards, as it is never heard of again as a residence. Quarters were found for Mary, Queen of Scots, at the Black Bull Inn (now the barracks) in Smithford Street, until Elizabeth, hearing of it, wrote an indignant letter to Salisbury, upon the receipt of which he removed his charge to St. Mary's Hall, and special means were taken to prevent her escape.

The Guild Church at Bablake, erected on the initiation of Queen Isabella, is now, as it was in its first days, one of the most beautiful and cathedral-like structures in the Midlands; not so large, of course, as the better-known St. Michael's or Holy Trinity, but in no other respect inferior to them, and possessing (as Sir Gilbert Scott said) some special features of architectural interest.—Yours, &c.,

F. W. HUMBERSTONE.

Coventry, September 21st, 1912.

A WOMAN HUNT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I enclose a rare little plant, culled from journalistic fields, which should be carefully potted for future generations to realise what this age can produce. Please quote it.

"It has been a day's debauch of pleasant excitement. True, Mr. Winston Churchill did not appear, as billed, but Mr. Ellis Griffith deputised, and as for the rest the programme went excellently from the moment when the blind harpist took the platform. Then came the patter of the London comedian, Mr. Masterman, and this led to the star turn of the day—a real live suffragist hunt.

'VOTES FOR WOMEN.'

"Athletic quarrymen of Llanystumdwy bearing home to-night the trophies of rent skirts and torn strands of hair would assure you that the suffragist hunt was decidedly the success of the show.

"Just when the Chancellor was beginning his speech with a few words in Welsh, the first thin cry of the quarry, 'Votes for Women!' made five thousand Welsh hearts leap with the joy of the chase. Though Mr. Lloyd George leapt on the table and sang 'Land of Our Fathers,' Llanystumdwy took a good grip of its stick and forsook its Chancellor until the hunt was done.

"There were only about a score of police, but they saved the lives of the four women suffragists who interrupted the Chancellor. With the first woman four constables cleft a way through the throng and lodged her safely as the first guest in the new institute. The other women had to run the gauntlet while the police fought a way for them to the shelter of the roadside cottages. The women of the village

* See the Dictionary of National Biography.

laughed and clapped their hands as their men folk struck with their sticks at the suffragists' white faces. By the time the last was got to a cottage door, all her clothing above the waist had been torn away. One of the women was thrown over a hedge, but was saved from serious injury by a man who caught her."—The "Daily Express."

We are a sporting nation, and perhaps some among us may enjoy this racy account of a "Woman Hunt." Poor, foolish little quarry!

I have absolutely no sympathy with the ways of militant suffragettes, though I cannot help admiring the tremendous courage (a courage that, I fancy, few men possess) that can inspire these deluded and badly-led women to risk their lives in a hostile crowd. I am sending copies of this daily paper to a lively French journalist I know, and to an editor of a German paper, so that the former may know what a valiant ally France possesses, and the latter may learn to beware of "war with England!"

But no, on second thoughts I will not do so, as, strange to say, I still have a little patriotism left.—Yours, &c.,

G. MEINERTZHAGEN.

7, Swan Walk, Chelsea.
September 25th, 1912.

THE BRITISH PORCUPINE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Referring to your article on this subject published on September 14th, may I say that my rough-haired fox-terrier has lately become very fond of going out into the garden between 10 and 11 p.m., and hunting for hedgehogs. Last night he brought a large one into the house, and left it lying rolled up in the hall. He has two or three times brought them into the porch, and I have seen him carrying one in his mouth—apparently getting hold of a bunch of the prickles firmly with his teeth.

I scarcely think he has yet learnt how to kill them, though I found one dead just outside the house a few days ago.—Yours, &c.,

A. T. P.

September 21st, 1912.

THE CHURCH AND THE LABORER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Many country parsons who are anxious to do all they can for their people, but who suffer for the sins of their fathers, will read the article on "The Church and the Laborer" with interest and sympathy.

Our own Bishop (Southwell) is engaged in holding a visitation of every parish in his diocese, and in his letter to the Buxton Deanery in this month's "Diocesan Magazine," after deploring the exodus from the villages in that district, he adds the significant words, "I am bound to say that in one or two of the parishes there is gross over-crowding, with no proper bedroom accommodation. Under such conditions ordinary decency becomes impossible. Here, as in Bakewell Deanery I found conspicuous cases of the need of houses, and of houses with at least three bedrooms. Perhaps it is as well that, when this is the case, our young children leave home very soon after they have finished their school life."—Yours, &c.,

M.A., OXON.

THE MORAL OF "BLACK BARTHOLOMEW."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I ask, in all courtesy, what Dr. Horton means by his plea in a recent number of THE NATION for an "inclusive" National Church? We are familiar with such language, and understand it from some men, but what does it mean from him? In the article in the previous issue of THE NATION, which Dr. Horton welcomes so cordially, you contend for a National Church "as the nation on its religious side." What is such a Church, in principle and inevitably, but a consecration of the spiritual *status quo*, a baptised population "confirmed" in the prescriptions of a prescriptive faith, the characteristic embodiment and natural expression of a purely static idea of Christianity as a thing given and needing only to be maintained? But for very many of us the Christianity of the

New Testament is nothing if not *dynamic*, a constant and inevitable challenge to things as they are, a continually new motive and new revelation incalculable beforehand. And in the same view the Church of the New Testament is nothing if not free—free not merely from the outward bonds of a civil establishment, but from inner bondage to the current standards of the world. No Church, indeed, is wholly free in that sense, or holds wholly by the faith of the New Testament; but a Church that claims to be "national" and identifies itself with "the nation on its religious side," expressly commits itself to another standard, the standard of "inclusiveness" of all the existing English species of Christianity and the striking of an average.

Dr. Horton says, "Christianity grips this country: it is the acknowledged standard of morals and of life." Accordingly, this actual, effective, agreed, satisfactory English Christianity is to be embodied in an English Church which will offer a kind of ecclesiastical Nirvana to Christians weary of the questions of faith and the responsibilities of freedom.

Of course, it would be absurd and impertinent to suggest that Dr. Horton means anything of the kind; but what does he mean? And what do all the well-intentioned Christian people mean who are pleading just now in England and Scotland for an outward and formal unity of the Churches, as if that would be the coming of the Kingdom and the fulfilment of the New Testament? What is this vast, inclusive English Church of Dr. Horton's hope to say to England other than that which England is saying to itself already? When Archimedes said he could move the world with a sufficient lever, he asked for a fulcrum outside the world.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN D. SINCLAIR.

Stanley, Perthshire.

Poetry.

MESSAGE DECIPHERED ON A FAN.

WHEN rings the angelus to veil
With holy dusk the nightingale,
If from known lands, my mistress pale,
Unto Cythera thou wilt sail,

O believe the summons of that note
Of the bird's, the ever-living throat,
And of thy daring little boat—
Take me for sail! Afloat! Afloat!

The rushes quake along the river,
But not a doubt in thee will quiver;
Now the night-wind begins to shiver—
It is the wind that shall deliver!

Be quick, nor let the breeze be lost!
The lot is cast, the die is tossed,
Fates must be faced and phantoms crossed,—
Ours is a far and heavenly coast!

Now from chained doors and sullen clans
Steal down, and let my shining vans
Waft thee from dull Cimmerians,
Deep Venus thrills the bay's expanse

Now both her shrine-lit headlands glow—
Now wavelets rap the boatside,—so
Now for the wide salt-scented flow
Of her moon-washed archipelago!

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The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "South America: Observations and Impressions." By James Bryce. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)
- "Sixty Years of a Soldier's Life." By Major-General Sir Alfred E. Turner. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Legends: Autobiographical Sketches." By August Strindberg. (Melrose. 6s. net.)
- "German Memories." By Sidney Whitman. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Forty-five Years of My Life." By the Princess Louise of Prussia. (Nash. 16s. net.)
- "Unseen Friends." By Mrs. William O'Brien. (Longmans. 6s. 6d. net.)
- "Stuart Life and Manners." By P. F. W. Ryan. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Criminal Responsibility and Social Constraint." By R. M. McConnell. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "The Love-Affairs of the Condés." By H. Noel Williams. (Methuen. 15s. net.)
- "The Holy Spirit in the Ancient Church." By H. B. Swete. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)
- "Puritanism in England." By H. Hensley Henson. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5s. net.)
- "The Street of the Flute-Player." By H. De Vere Stacpoole. (Murray. 6s.)
- "The Outcasts." By F. E. Penny. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)
- "Les Embarras de l'Allemagne." Par Georges Blondel. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Les Nouveaux Horizons de la Science." Par H. Guilleminot. (Paris: Steinheil. 4 fr.)
- "Les Fabreccé." Roman. Par Paul Margueritte. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Franz Schubert's Leben und Schaffen." Herausgegeben von Otto E. Deutsch. (München: Müller. M.30.)
- "Eigene Leute." Drei Novellen. Von J. Havemann. (Dresden: Reissner. M.4.)

JOHN STUART MILL was one of the few modern Englishmen whose writings have had a great influence on French political thought, and it is fitting that Avignon—where he and his wife died and were buried—should erect a monument to his memory. A committee has been formed with that object, and among the men of letters and publicists who have already joined it are M. Clemenceau, M. Raymond Poincaré, M. Ribot, M. Léon Bourgeois, M. Emile Boutroux, and M. Gabriel Séailles.

IN spite of Macaulay's admiration, George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, is almost entirely neglected as an author, and Sir Walter Raleigh has done good service in preparing an edition of his works for the Oxford University Press. Mr. Herbert Paul claims that "The Character of a Trimmer" and "The Anatomy of an Equivalent" are the greatest tracts in the English language, and that, as a political pamphleteer, Halifax "says more in one page than Burke says in twenty, and his style, if less gorgeous, is incomparably purer." The new edition of Halifax will be in "The Oxford English Texts," a series that has been edited with remarkable thoroughness and accuracy.

ANOTHER new series of shilling books is announced by Messrs. Foulie, of Edinburgh—a firm whose books are always produced in attractive form. It is to be called "Problems of To-Day Series," and the first volume will be "The Servile State," by Mr. Hilaire Belloc. The view taken by Mr. Belloc is that the tendency of modern industrial legislation, particularly in this country, is to establish two legally separate classes, a small class in possession of the means of production, and a much larger class subjected to compulsory labor under the guarantee of a legal sufficiency to maintain them. Mr. Belloc's book will be followed by an inquiry into the causes of "The Present Discontent," by Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P.

SEVERAL other promising volumes are to come from the same publishers. "The English Character," by Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes, M.P., comes to the conclusion that no such thing as English character exists, but to compensate for this negation, it furnishes the reader with entertaining chat about English politicians, officials, music, sport, and dress. "The R. L. Stevenson Originals," by Mr. E. B. Simpson, and "The Charles Dickens Originals," by Mr.

Edwin Pugh, identify and describe the prototypes of many of the characters who figure in the novels of these two authors. Finally, there are three books of anecdotes—"The Kirk and its Worthies" and "The Book of Glasgow Anecdote," both by Mr. D. M. Malloch, and "The Book of Edinburgh Anecdote," by Mr. Francis Watt.

EVEN the stoutest admirers of M. Romain Rolland's "Jean Christophe" must have begun to wonder, as volume succeeded volume, whether the author ever intended to bring that remarkable work to a conclusion. Their speculations must now be ended, for news comes from Switzerland, where M. Rolland has been spending a holiday, that the tenth and concluding volume has just been finished, and is to appear shortly under the title of "Nouvelle Journée."

IT has been known for some time that for several years the late Sir Richard Temple kept a record of events in the House of Commons. A selection from these manuscripts has been made by Sir Richard Temple's son, and will be published by Mr. Murray under the title of "Letters and Character Sketches from the House of Commons (1886-1887)." The period chosen saw Gladstone's Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment Bills, as well as other measures of importance, and amongst those who came under Sir Richard Temple's observation at the time were Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Curzon, Mr. Asquith, Lord Morley, Lord Haldane, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bryce, Mr. Healy, and Mr. Redmond.

"THE Influence of Baudelaire in France and England" is the title of a critical essay by Mr. G. Turquet-Milner, to be issued by Messrs. Constable. It examines the nature and influence of the Baudelarian spirit, which, according to the author, has maintained its influence through fifty years of literary history. Separate chapters are given to Théophile Gautier, Sainte-Beuve, Verlaine, Oscar Wilde, Poe, Swinburne, and others whom Mr. Turquet-Milner regards as Baudelaire's literary precursors or successors.

AT the present moment, when questions of foreign policy occupy so much attention, many people have been struck by the fact that no continuous history of the foreign policy of Great Britain has yet been published. This gap in our historical literature will shortly be filled, for Messrs. Blackwood have in the press "A History of British Foreign Policy," by Mr. Arthur Hassall, which gives a connected account of our foreign policy from Anglo-Saxon times to the present day. Mr. Hassall contends that all through our history the efforts of Great Britain have been directed, consciously or unconsciously, toward the preservation of the balance of power in Europe.

M. JOSEPH TURQUAN is one of those contemporary French authors who find most favor from English translators. Many of his books have already appeared in English, and the announcement lists contain the promise of several others in the immediate future. One of the most interesting of these is his biography of Madame Récamier, which is to be issued by Mr. Herbert Jenkins, the latest arrival among our London publishers. In the coming book M. Turquan has made use of some unpublished material which adds to our knowledge of the great men—more especially Chateaubriand—who frequented Madame Récamier's salon.

TWO travel books of special interest, to appear during the autumn, are Captain Roald Amundsen's "The Conquest of the South Pole," and Dr. Sven Hedin's "From Pole to Pole." Captain Amundsen gives a full account of his successful attempt to reach the South Pole in the "Fram," while Dr. Sven Hedin not only deals with his own journeys of exploration, but also records those of Livingstone, Stanley, and Gordon. Captain Amundsen's book will be published by Mr. Murray, and Dr. Hedin's by Messrs. Macmillan.

A FRESH collection of Lady Gregory's Irish plays is announced by Messrs. Putnam. Its title is "New Comedies," and the names of the five plays to be included are "The Bogie Man," "The Full Moon," "Coats," "Damer's Gold," and "McDonough's Wife."

Reviews.

THE MAKING OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN RACE.

"South America: Observations and Impressions." By JAMES BRYCE. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

MR. BRYCE tells us that this book is the record of a four months' holiday that he spent in South America a couple of years ago. Never was a holiday so well spent, for no book has ever been written about South America to be compared with it—in scope and interest. Essentially, it is a picture of the Continent as it is now and as it promises to be in the future. Unlike his "American Commonwealth," it is not a minute study of purely political conditions. For one thing, South American political life is as yet too fluid and unformed to lend itself to close analysis; outside the larger Republics, it has been too closely compacted of faction, intrigue, and violence. For another thing, he is British Ambassador at Washington and could not speak freely. Of current politics, therefore, Mr. Bryce says nothing at all; of the political history of the Republics he says very little—only sufficient to illustrate his larger theme. Similarly, he touches upon industry and commerce only so far as is necessary for his purpose; the fuller treatment of trade subjects he leaves to the experts who write professedly for the business man. It is South America as "a new fact in the world" in which he is principally interested. The new fact is the gradual emergence of a new civilisation, derived from Southern Europe, but still distinctive from that of Spain and Italy, just as the distinctive civilisation of English-speaking North America differs from that of England. Still more, it is the emergence of a new race as a result of the fusion between the White Man, the Indian, and, to a less extent, the Negro. South America is the only part of the world in which the fusion of races is going on unchecked by law or custom.

The book is partly one of travel; partly an essay upon the social and political conditions of South America. But with Mr. Bryce, the traveller, we never part company with Mr. Bryce, the historian and philosopher. He describes, as few men could, the tropical forest, the mighty Andes, the desert, the pampas, the many-colored cities, with a certainty of phrase and image that kindles a sense of immediate vision in the reader. The gift of word-painting is rarely given in equal measure. But forest and mountain and city are to him more than feasts of color. His landscapes are populated by living men, and upon these living men he turns the eye of a life-long student of men. "I have endeavored," he says, "to individualise, so to speak, the chief countries of South America, so as to bring out the chief characteristics—natural and human—of each of them." Panama, Peru, Chili, Argentina, Brazil—each of these countries assumes, under his hand, not merely an external aspect, more vivid than it had before in our imagination, but also a special and distinct individuality. This is geography as it ought to be written.

There is no "color line" in South America. This is a fact of primary importance. The Indian aboriginal excites no personal repulsion in the white man. From the beginning there has been a mingling of Spanish and Indian blood, so that to-day the mestizo or half-breed element (outside Argentina and Uruguay, which are wholly white) constitutes most of the upper class and practically the whole of the middle class. In the United States and South Africa these half-breeds would be regarded as "colored" and put under the racial ban; in South America they regard themselves, and are regarded by others, as whites. The mestizo is quite equal in intelligence, industry, and morality to his neighbor of pure Spanish descent, whom, in most of the Republics, he vastly outnumbers. He supplies even more than his proportionate share of leading men, both soldiers and politicians. South America of the future will be in the main a mestizo continent. Chile, Mr. Bryce describes as being "of all the Latin-American States the one which best answers to European or North American notions of a free constitutional commonwealth." Yet, in this State, the fusion between white and Indian has been carried further than in any other, and the two races are almost completely blended. Brazil is the only portion of the Continent that has a considerable

negro population, and there white mingles without much repugnance with black. Mr. Bryce prophesies:—

"It seems as certain as anything in human affairs can be, that the races now inhabiting South America, aboriginal, European, and African, will all be ultimately fused. The Spanish Republics (except the purely white Argentina and Uruguay) will be Ibero-American; Brazil will be Ibero-African-American."

As to the quality of the race that will finally emerge, he does not venture to predict, though, incidentally, he fears that Brazil, with its negro factor, will suffer from admixture with an element "the moral fibre of which is conspicuously weak." Even with this absence of race-prejudice, it will take many hundreds of years for the digestion of the nine millions or so of Indian aboriginals—illiterate, degraded, speaking different languages, most of them living in a state of half-savagery. So far, immigration from Europe has not begun to play a large part, save in Argentina and the neighboring State of Uruguay. These two Republics differ from the rest in being almost entirely white. Of late years there has been an enormous inpouring of Italians into Argentina. Eventually, within at most two generations, the newcomers will be absorbed into the original Spanish stock. They will, however, have little influence upon the future Argentine nation. The Italian immigrant is generally too poor and ignorant to carry with him the historical traditions and culture of his native land. It is from France that Argentina draws its intellectual and social inspiration. Everybody reads French novels; every wealthy Argentinian hopes to die in Paris. In its glitter and gaiety Buenos Ayres is said to resemble the French capital. There, however, the resemblance ends. In the "push" and zest for money-making it is nearer to Chicago.

Mr. Bryce is a self-confessed optimist. He does not ignore the perpetual revolutions and dictatorships that have made the smaller republics the laughing-stock of the civilised world; but he shows that turbulence, and even tyranny, were an inevitable result of imposing a democratic form of government upon peoples wholly unfitted for democracy. At the bottom of the trouble in these States is the semi-savage Indian—unassimilated, illiterate, inert—forming the vast majority; and, as a rule, a good fighter, and ready to fight for any cause when arms are put into his hands. Politics in these States are left to a handful of whites and mestizos in the towns. Factions naturally arise, and a revolting general finds it easy to tempt or compel the Indians to fight for him. The United States' system of vesting all executive authority in the hands of the President has had the effect of setting up "a tempting prize for ambitions, and has generally led straight to dictatorship." With the best will in the world, true democracies could not be extracted from such materials. Of late years there has been some improvement. Revolutions are not as bloody as they were; political murder is now rare. Almost everywhere in South America there is much less insecurity of life and property than there was, for example, in Sicily a few years ago.

In the more advanced Republics of South America we have nations, perhaps great nations, in the making; in many respects already made. The Chilian and the Argentinian are distinctly diverse national types. The Peruvian and Brazilian are less fully formed. By pure weight of numbers Argentina promises to take the lead among these new nations. Within fifty years she will, at her present rate of increase, rival France and England in population.

"Argentina may one day be the most numerous among all the peoples that speak a tongue of Latin origin, as the United States is already the most numerous of all who speak a Teutonic one."

In course of time the differences between these greater Republics will grow more sharp and definite. And a congeries of States will gradually come into being much in the same way as modern Europe developed, though at a much more rapid pace. "When this happens," Mr. Bryce speculates, "and the world of A.D. 2000 recognises a South American type or types, may there be thence expected any new contribution to the world's stock of thought, of literature, or art?" From this mixture of Spaniard, Italian, Indian, and Negro will there arise some great thinker, or poet, or artist? There is no reason why this should not happen. There is great vitality and virility in the Spanish-American peoples. The fusion of the

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colonial Spaniard with the aboriginal Indian has not resulted in a race inferior to the stronger parent stock. Mr. Bryce points to Europe "in the welter of the tenth century"; art and letters, freedom and order seemed to have vanished from the earth; "yet out of that welter what glories of art and letters were to arise!"

TWO IRISH POETS.

"Poems." By SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN. (Maunsel. 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Hill of Vision." By JAMES STEPHENS. (Maunsel. 3s. 6d. net.)

FROM the very real poetic feeling evident in both of these poets, it is surprising that more real poetry has not emerged. Both of them have considerable skill in dealing with verse forms. Both are impatient of all that interferes with the imaginative life and the perception of beautiful things. Both are rebels against the existing order of the world. The poems in which they have poured out their feelings are rhythmical and sometimes melodious; but they are seldom beautiful, and, in the case of Mr. O'Sullivan, they are only occasionally effective within narrow limits. It is worth considering what they have achieved and where they have failed.

Of the two books, that of Mr. Stephens is the more successful. One is inclined to believe that the original vein of poetry in Mr. O'Sullivan is deeper and perhaps finer; but he has succumbed to melancholy. Although nearly all lyrical poetry is personal, it only moves us when it is also in a sense impersonal; or, at least, not egotistic. The expression of joy, for example, is never purely personal, excepting when it becomes egotistic elation. Pathos is never achieved by a spectacle of woe, unless there is implied a happier state of being which the pathetic object has missed. The pathos in "The Bridge of Sighs" is attained just in proportion as the poet has represented a creature fashioned for beauty and happiness. But Mr. Stephens has come to the point almost of denying the reality, not only of happiness, but of beauty. He has dedicated himself to his own unhappiness. If he glories in anything, it is in his susceptibility to sorrow. The reiterated note of his sadness has only a pathos not intended by his poems. The brief vision of some beautiful object only reminds him of the ugliness of his world.

"The hours of captive anguish, fraught
With the vile clamor of the street,
The insult of the passing feet,
The torture of the daily round,
The organ's blasphemy of sound."

This sadness of his, reiterated again and again as each new idea suggests to him only another way of indulging his feeling, is in a monotone which weighs heavily from page to page. "And there is no comfort that I can give," he says to his beloved. And at the last his final message is no more than:

"I bring you in this urn of truth
The dust-white ashes of my youth."

And yet we feel that the impulse towards more disinterested poetry has been a real thing with Mr. O'Sullivan. If he could shake himself free from his obsession, he would write poetry which would be effective and beautiful. It is a relief when even for a moment he will put aside this obsession and write glib lines like these:—

"We cannot stray from love's highway who go as the wind wills,
For Danaan laughter lingers in the heart of the green hills."

And occasionally a little wholesome cynicism distracts him from the monotony of his grief, as when he writes in this fantastic manner:—

"Fair maids, ye are but queens by beauty's right,
And with your years your sovereignty decays;
Then think upon the error of your ways.
O think, ye maids, while yet your eyes are bright
And shine elate with that high conquering light,
That ye will surely come on darker days,
As dew caught lingering by the morning rays,
As fleetest day that's clipt by surly night.
And you, poor fool, that waste your breath in sighs,
Mouse-hearted lover, lift your head and laugh,
Lift up your head and list to me, and quaff
This toast I give, 'To any lady's eyes.'
For one bee wanting, who will burn the hive?
And beauty is a sea where all may dive."

Mr. Stephens also is a rebel against the ordering of the world. He protests against the intrusion of ethical codes—

he writes a poem to illustrate the old heresy of the limitations of God, and another to show that we are the blind slaves of an earthly destiny. But he refuses, like Mr. O'Sullivan, to be driven into constant melancholy, and, with the apparent object of keeping up his good spirits, sings the praises of merriment:—

"This is wisdom to be strong,
This is virtue to be gay:
Let us sing and dance until
We shall know the final art,
How to banish good and ill
With the laughter of the heart."

He has to brace himself to this gaiety by seeking the company of birds and flying to "leafy solitude." But, even so, the birds occasionally fail him.

"I am the brother of each bird and tree,
And everything that grows—your children glad;
Their hearts are in my heart, their ecstasy!
O Mother of all mothers, comfort me,
Give me your heart, for I am very sad;
O sunny sky!
O meadows that the happy clouds are drifting by."

He reminds us sometimes of those scientific character-trainers, who bid us repeat every morning such words as "courage!" "fortitude!" "happiness!" "gaiety!" &c., in order to foster the corresponding habit of mind. And after one long flight of merriment, he admits that he is "tired to death," and he bids farewell to his song, "till I recover from my ecstasy."

Often we can see that Mr. Stephens, so far from giving to us in his poetry his vision of the world, is constraining himself to present what he does not feel at all; and that it is only by this constraint that he avoids the dirge-like notes of Mr. O'Sullivan. But he is better when he is presenting ingenious ideas, or describing gruesome situations, or criticising women, or giving dramatic incidents in passion. He is vigorous when a thwarted lover abandons the soft notes of love:—

"But then with icy lips I cursed her there,
Eyes, nose, and teeth and hair;
I damned her body, bones, and blood—and then
She scuttled homewards like a frightened hen."

He has evident facility in writing lines that have melody in them. He has clearly no difficulty in turning out stanzas after stanza as trim as this:—

"If you among her little leaves will fly,
And what they whisper bring to me again,
Dear Ballad, I will write your history
Upon a sheepskin with a golden pen;
It shall be read by women and by men:
Each youth will sing it to his paramour
As they go roving in the evening when
All joy is innocence and love is lore,
And you and youth and love will live for evermore."

Mr. Stephens is ingenious and inventive. He is happy in his verse and his rhyme. He is deft in the manufacture of tripping stanzas. But we have the feeling that he is constantly avoiding the main question; that when he is about to be sincere, he deliberately turns aside to say something neatly and dapperly. Now and again, when he has hit upon some significant idea, he has the art to use it effectively, as in the fine poem called "Eve." Eve is both the instrument and the plaything of destiny.

"Life and law and dear delight:
I the moon upon the night
All alluring: I the tree
Growing nuts of mystery:
I the tincture and the dew
That the apple reddens through."

"I desirable and sweet:
I of fruitfulness complete:
I the promise and the threat
Which the gods may not forget:
I the Weaver, spinning blind
Destinies for humankind."

"Lifting, lifting, ever up,
Till I reach the golden cup:
Groping down, and ever down,
Till I find the buried crown:
I the searcher sent to bring
Plumes for the Almighty's wing."

The poem from which these stanzas are taken is at least of real body and substance. It is for lack of substance that some of Mr. Stephens's poems and most of Mr. O'Sullivan's are lacking in poetic value. For feeling does not become imagination, and melody does not become sweet.

excepting in poetry which has a relevance to life, and which is a sincere criticism of life. It may be perfectly simple, and perfectly spontaneous, but this relevance must be there.

THE FLYING WARMEN.

"The Aeroplane in War." By CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE and HARRY HARPER. (Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE art of aeroplaning has made very remarkable and singularly rapid progress in the last three or four years. Every day this summer feats of airmanship were performed which only a few years ago would have made the airman world-famous. Now, the pioneering stage is past, and no special notice is taken of them. At the Rheims Meeting of August, 1909, the spectators were amazed at seeing a bold airman rise to a height of 500 feet, for it was then the practice to regard 150 to 200 feet as the level to be attained. But last year a flyer mounted to a height of two and a-half miles, and in cross-country flights the aeroplanes are now always pushed up to a thousand feet and more. At high levels, experience has shown that the air conditions are more equal, and, in case of a forced descent, there is better opportunity for choosing a place for touching the ground. Heights once regarded as appalling are now considered safer than the lower levels.

At Rheims, the record for endurance was won by a three hours' flight. Two years later, a flight of 14½ hours was made, covering 450 miles without an intermediate descent. The first flyers were content to circle round and round a marked course. Since then men have flown over the Alps, the Apennines, and the Channel, and traversed whole countries.

This progress has been attained at the cost of a fearful toll of human life. The aeroplane has already in its record a grim catalogue of between two and three hundred victims; but, considering the large number of men who are now engaged in aeroplane-flying, one can see that the proportion of fatal accidents is rapidly diminishing. Men are beginning to be at home in the air, and to know its secrets. The improvements in aeroplanes since 1909 are not really important. True, the time of crude experiments has been left behind. Details of construction are better, and the general adoption of a more reliable engine has eliminated certain dangers of the earlier day. But whatever the future may have in store, there is practically no change as yet in the general type of flying machines. The wonderful progress of three years is the result, not of improvements in the machine, but in the men. They have learned their business; there is now a tradition of airmanship; the learner is given the experience of many to guide him; and with use and knowledge has come the intelligent, self-reliant daring that makes performances that were the wonder of three years ago seem insignificant beside the every-day feats of the present.

So men are busy now, not so much with new inventions, or the compassing of new exploits of daring in the air, but with the problem of practical applications for this new-found power of mechanical flight. Unfortunately, at the present moment, all indications point to its use in peace being chiefly in the region of sport, while the outlook for its serious application to some effective purpose lies all—or nearly all—in the direction of its use in war. Already the aeroplane has been used in the United States to watch the Mexican frontier along the Rio Grande during the Madero insurrection, and by the Italians in Tripoli for reconnaissance of the enemy, with some few experiments in bomb-dropping. All the War Offices of Europe, and several of the Admiralties, have recognised that the aeroplane is a necessary auxiliary arm, and it is on the prospect of extensive government contracts that the manufacturers of flying machines rely for large profits. The efforts made at The Hague to secure an international agreement forbidding the dropping of explosives from the air have come to nothing, and the next war between two great powers will witness horrors hitherto only dreamed of by poets and romancers. Tennyson's vision of

"The nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue"

may well be a reality in the near future, though, instead of the ghastly rain of blood he imagined, there will be the repeated crashing to earth of shattered aeroplanes and mangled bodies of men.

These and other possibilities are fully discussed in Messrs. Grahame-White and Harper's book on "The Aeroplane in War." It deals very clearly and fully with the whole subject—so clearly that even the non-expert will find no difficulty in following its arguments. There is an excellent introductory account of recent progress in flying, and of the development of flying-corps in the various armies. The authors show how France took the lead in this new department of preparation for war, and has kept it throughout. They rightly insist that her pre-eminence does not depend merely on the possession of a larger number of machines than any other nation, including both those belonging to the Government and those in private hands, that would be available on a general mobilisation. A far more important element of strength is the possession of very large numbers of trained men who feel at home in the air. Aeroplanes can now be built very rapidly to standard pattern, but the aviator cannot be improvised. The man who has "just learned" is of less use in the air than a trooper who could just keep in the saddle would be in a cavalry squadron.

The careful exposition of experimental results already obtained is made the basis of a most interesting discussion of the possibilities of the aeroplane in actual war. A very wide range of applications of the new arm to war service on land and sea has been made the subject of study and experiment, and a mass of verified results is available for discussion—though lately there has been a growing tendency to secrecy, so far as that is possible, in official trials. Tests at manoeuvres, notably in France, have amply proved the supreme value of the aeroplane in reconnaissance. The gain is not merely that the trained observer has a widely extended "bird's-eye view," instead of gleaning fragmentary information from a restricted area after penetrating a hostile cavalry screen; there is the further advantage that he brings back his information in a few minutes from a distance of many miles. In war and in peace manoeuvres, valuable information is continually found to be useless, and even misleading, because it is long delayed. The problem of using wireless telegraphy from an aeroplane has been successfully solved. Photography has been used as an aid to reconnaissance. It will be of special value in the rapid survey of difficult country. Amongst subsidiary uses of the aeroplane are the carrying of despatches and orders, and the transport of staff officers from point to point. In old wars, a general would ride along his front to obtain a personal impression of the situation. In recent peace manoeuvres, this ride has become a rush over miles of front in a powerful racing car. In future wars a general will fly over his own lines, and obtain a wide view over the hostile array.

Until now, the opening move of a campaign has been the conflict between the opposing cavalry screens. Future wars will open with the meeting in air of the new war eagles. Every army is studying the grim problem of how its aviators can destroy and hurl to earth their rivals, and thus secure the dominion of the air, enabling—if complete success could be obtained—their commander-in-chief to fight with full knowledge against an adversary who would be, relatively speaking, blind and groping in a "fog of war" for lack of air scouts.

It is possible, however, to exaggerate this advantage, and perhaps our authors, in their enthusiasm for the new arm, somewhat overstate their case. They state very briefly a point that might have been more fully developed when they say:—

"The influence of the aeroplane scout upon military tactics will undoubtedly be marked. The German school, for example, advocates a strong determined advance—not caring so much what the precise dispositions of an enemy are, but seeking to envelop him and deliver one quick and crushing blow."

They compare this with the French ideal of playing a waiting game, and striking only when a reconnaissance has cleared up the situation, and refer to the German method as that of a "blunt, dogged, hit-or-miss advance." This is rather a crude statement of the German system; but it must be noted that it dates from before the aeroplane period, and under the influence of General Bonnal's teaching on Napoleonic war, there has been a tendency in France to approximate to it. But it is anything but a "hit-or-miss" business. It presupposes such general knowledge of the

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probable situation as can easily be made available, but the master-idea is that of the strong initiative, not depending on surprise or waiting for minute reconnaissance, but flinging upon the enemy heavy fighting columns that will force a contact, hold the opponent, find out by actual pressure upon him all that needs be known, and oblige him to conform to one's own moves—to parry rather than to strike. The new conditions introduced by the aeroplane will force on other nations the adoption of these ideas. We may further expect that night operations will become even more important, and well-wooded regions will have an increased tactical value.

Aeroplane bombardment will probably be more nerve-shaking than really dangerous. But the power of starting conflagrations in dockyards and arsenals by combustible bombs dropped from overhead is a more serious matter. The probability is that raids for overhead bombardment on a small scale will be a feature of the opening days of future wars. They will not, however, greatly influence the result. Reconnaissance is the strong point of the aeroplane, rather than armed attack. And matters move so quickly in this new region of airmanship, that, since the book was issued, there have been remarkable developments in the direction of making aeroplanes fitted with floats, more effective eyes of the fleet than the fast cruisers which were till now assigned for this work. For us, with our sea frontier, this is perhaps the most important development of aeroplaning.

THE FRENCHWOMAN AT HOME.

"France from Within." By CLAIRE DE PRATZ. (Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.)

NOT without reason does Mdlle. Claire de Pratz complain of the foreigners, and particularly of the newspaper correspondents, who disseminate false or inadequate notions about France and the French. Tourists of the coarser sort see little but frivolity in the gaiety of the French, hollow-ness in the politeness that is the natural expression of a kind nature, vice in some of their amusements. But the patrons of immoral amusements, as in Paris, are not Parisian but foreign. That is a fact which any foreign visitor may easily verify. And if in the leading theatres doubtful scenes are tolerated, the reason is that, in the French view, their literary and artistic qualities redeem them. The foreign correspondents, says our author, "present France in an absurd or ridiculous light." However, it may not be their fault altogether, if they sacrifice the great themes to army manoeuvres, millionaire freaks, stereotyped banalities of diplomatic chatter, murders, and the tickling of the people's ear with a sensational straw.

As regards the great themes, the things that matter, there is, happily, no impermeable partition between the "outside view" and the "inside view" of France. The "inside view," says Mdlle. de Pratz (with a slap at those sinners, the journalists), "is absolutely necessary." It is. But what is the inside view, if not the knowledge of the Frenchman's emotions, ideas, convictions, impulses, modes of regarding humanity and the world, which you may acquire in the café, the restaurant, the market place, the places of business, amusement, and recreation, the schools, Lycées, and Universities, at social "functions" even of the most ceremonious kind, in the resorts of artists and the literary class, in workmen's unions and the political assemblies? Mdlle. de Pratz herself bases her shrewd knowledge of the English, not upon penetration into their domesticities, but upon her school and college life in London, where for several years (until her eighteenth) she resided with her parents, both pure French, speaking French only, and keeping up the old French traditions. An observant foreigner, with the sources of information at his command, will be qualified to endorse our author's statement, which we may thus summarise—that between all the French social grades there exists a unity, an interpenetration of the spirit, of a kind and degree unknown in other countries; that these grades, or classes, are not sharply differentiated, as they are elsewhere, by speech and manners—so that, in this respect, there is no distinction worth speaking of between the ordinary, industrious *bourgeois* and the aristocrat of the Faubourg St.

Germain; that neither does the aristocrat look down upon the man of humbler rank, nor the man of the people envy, or meanly ape, his richer fellow-citizen. Though the French home is, as Mdlle. de Pratz says, "so hard to penetrate," the foreigner, if he be a sympathetic observer, may easily detect many a delicate shade of expression that sheds a flood of light upon the national character. In France, *une bonne instruction* and *une bonne éducation* are not identical. "*Il manque d'éducation*" means he has bad manners. "*La politesse vient du cœur*" is a proverb in the land where a gay politeness, or polite gaiety, is, to quote our author, "a form of social altruism." A French mother, chiding her boy, doesn't say "That's wrong!"; she says "That's ugly!"—"ce n'est pas joli." She appeals to the erring youngster's æsthetic sense—*Kalokagathon*, the Grecian identification of the beautiful and the good. Eugène Spuller was not a mere vain boaster when, in his talks with his friend Gambetta, he glorified Paris as an Athens on the Seine.

And now, as regards the domesticities pure and simple—the "inside" mysteries—though they are not the things that most matter, they are, in competent hands, well worth the telling. For instance, our author's highly diverting description of family diplomacy over the *dot* (dowry) in a match-making business, whereat she herself assisted as a member of *la famille*: one of many passages distinguished by the qualities of *l'esprit Gaulois*—humor, sanity, lightness, naturalness, sympathy, and a gay irony.

To readers for whom the intellectual movement is the supreme topic, the chapters on education, the girls' Lycées, marriage and divorce, the "*jeune fille*," the Frenchwoman, and the story of Camille, are the most interesting in the volume. Probably, M. Rouvier was the Finance Minister to whom the author refers as having said he would "prefer that the 80,000 Inland Revenue officers of France should be women, instead of men." The Frenchwoman's capacity and versatility in every department of the practical life, public or private, are, in a general way, known to all the world. But Mdlle. de Pratz's treatment of the subject is illustrative and attractive to an exceptional degree. To take an instance: in the Lycée Racine, where our author was a professor, twenty of the forty women teachers were married, earning salaries twice as large as those of their husbands (mostly clerks in the Government service), nursing their babies in the intervals between lectures, and doing all their housewifery, cooking, scrubbing, and what-not at home. An acquaintance of the author's (a lady linen-draper who makes about £1,600 a year) and "employs her husband as cashier at a salary of a hundred," is merely typical of a class peculiar to France. As typical instances of adaptability, our author quotes the case of a widow who, during her husband's last illness, learnt his tanner's trade, and now employs 700 workmen; and that of the mistress of a large glass factory, who "took up her husband's business after his death." Take the charmingly written story of Mdlle. Camille, the penniless girl who worked her way to a high degree at the Sorbonne and to a Paris professorship, helping her family from her slender resources, and finally was appointed to a Committee on Public Instruction and to the first University Examinership in literature ever conferred upon a woman. All the while, Mdlle. Camille did her own cooking and washing, made her own dresses, kept her little flat in excellent taste, and revised her sixty class-exercises every night before bed-time. Such a condition is typical of a state of things far from uncommon in a country where—more than in any other—the woman is the man's partner and equal, and often his superior, in the world's work; where every third married woman is a wage-earner, and about three-sevenths of the female population are "employed in some kind of remunerative professional labor."

This is feminism in the social sphere, leading straight, as Mdlle. de Pratz shows, to political feminism and the parliamentary franchise. Many a reform in the Code Napoleon—e.g., the abolition of the inequality between the man and the woman in divorce cases—has been brought about by the indirect influence of the women. Our author declares (and foreign residents who keep their eyes and ears open will agree with her) that the progress of feminist ideas among the men of France is astonishing. Think of the absurdity of excluding from the franchise the numberless women of the same intellectual and moral order as the lady (the Mdlle. Camille, already named) who wrote every syllable

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of the capital speech advocating women's suffrage, which an honorable member lately delivered, with great animation, in the Chamber of Deputies. The rapid progress of the women's movement is largely attributable to the excellent education imparted at the girls' Lycées now established in every considerable town. In the Paris Lycées, a lady barrister gives the students a course of lectures on law, so "opening their eyes," as the author remarks, "to their true position in the Napoleonic Code." Had the Republic done nothing but introduce the Lycées for women, it would have deserved the admiration and the gratitude of mankind. How, in these Lycées, girls of all social grades, from the highest to the humblest, meet on a footing of absolute equality, is told by Mlle. de Pratz in another charming passage. Two girls, fast friends in the Lycée, discovered that they lived in the same grand building of the Louvre, the Ministry of Finance. "My papa is the usher," Louise explained. "Mine is the Minister," said Jeanne. Jeanne must have told her parents, for—

"The next morning, as the Minister passed the Usher in the ante-chamber, he stopped, and said, 'I hear that your daughter and mine attend the same Lycée. It might save your wife two journeys a day, if the maid who accompanies my little girl brought yours back with mine. Mention it to your wife, and arrange it in that way.'"

In that little story you have the spirit of France.

A CRITIC'S MEMORIES.

"Memories." By FREDERICK WEDMORE. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

SIR FREDERICK WEDMORE asks attention, and a certain nearness of view. Many modern volumes bordering on the autobiographical—they are just now in the fashion—may be skimmed in an hour or two; and a second reading, if the reviewer's conscience impels him to it, scarcely rewards the pains. Sir Frederick Wedmore's "Memories" can be read rapidly enough, but not by a reader who would find and enjoy the best in them.

He writes effectively because he writes with care and deliberation; and if one pauses occasionally to con a sentence two or three times, it is not that the construction is obscure or difficult, it is that to study the sentence is to appreciate its art and polish. Often, too, in a passage that looks not very significant, there is, to a careful reader, something amusingly suggestive. Here, for instance, is a little piece about Gambetta and the elder Coquelin. They were together a good deal at one period, and the quidnuncs hinted that the comedian's political influence was considerable. Sir Frederick, for his part, quietly turns the handle of the door, and shows Coquelin giving a private, informal lesson, not in elocution, but in the more eclectic arts of the table and the boudoir. There used to be published in France in the eighteenth century little manuals of behavior, called "Civilities," wherein the aspirant to fashion was instructed to go to dinner with his hands clean, to avoid smacking his lips, blowing out his cheeks, or scratching himself, to eschew the fork in taking soup, and on no account to pocket either fruit or spoons at dessert. Indeed, if these works (we fished up a couple on the Quais one day) were not satirically meant, the manners of Paris, at an era when it was reckoned the politest capital in Europe, had need of bettering. Well, Coquelin was Gambetta's "Civilité"; and what time the quidnuncs whispered him as getting his knife into England, he was gently admonishing an anxious tribune not to get his knife between his lips.

Again and again, in these restrained, artistic pages, a mere distant memory of Sir Frederick's helps him to a bright and pointed little picture—matter of a deft stroke or two:—

"Almost the first time I saw Sarah Bernhardt off the stage, was in an ante-room at the Théâtre Français. I mention the circumstance because she said a thing that was characteristic. She had come out tired from rehearsal—'tired,' but more than 'tired,' exhausted, *enervée, exténuée*, what people now call 'dead.' She was abusing her fate and her profession in no measured terms. 'If I had a daughter,' declared Sarah, 'rather than that she should go upon the stage, I'd take her out in the *Place*, there where the *fiacres* are, and roll her head under the first cab-wheel—and the 'extenuated' tragedian suited her action to her word. 'The stage, indeed, for any one! *C'est le dernier des métiers.*' I have no doubt that half an hour afterwards, when Sarah

had lunched and rested, the stage returned to its position as to her mind, the greatest of great arts."

He recalls Browning instantaneously transforming himself from an Englishman into an Italian:—

"One day, while we were lunching, a visitor was announced—somehow was almost in the room before we knew it. Browning rose, greeted him; and then, if I remember rightly, the short remaining conversation took place in the passage, with the door open. The visitor was an Italian; and why I mention the thing is because I was so struck with the suddenness of the transition from the English man of the world, to a very native, as it were, of Italy. Browning spoke Italian as he spoke French; not so much as an accomplishment, but as if the language belonged to him, and were part of himself; his gesticulation and all his bearing helping the effect. It brought home to me, rather strangely, the suppleness of Browning's mind and nature—for the time, this olive-tinted, suave, loquacious person was an Englishman, no more."

How could Dickens, at his reading-desk (where Sir Frederick, as a schoolboy, once beheld him), be better or more briefly limned than in these three sentences:—

"Presently—it was eight o'clock to the moment, for Dickens, all his life, was punctuality itself—in front of the screens upon the platform, there walked to his maroon bain-couvert desk . . . a man of middle height, erect, slim, full-colored, closely-knit, and with the nerve and sensitiveness of a race-horse. Evening dress, of course, what the reporters chronicle as 'immaculate evening dress'—and a camellia in his button-hole. His introduction was one short sentence—He would read to us, with our permission, 'The Chimes.'"

We turn the corner and meet a smaller literary man—no pigmy, indeed, and one who charmed two generations in two continents: Oliver Wendell Holmes. Sir Frederick's sketch of him reminds us a little of "Ape's" friendly cartoon in "Vanity Fair." Holmes was already, when Sir Frederick met him, a link with the past. He was "affable, natural, and assuredly sincere"; told a story "mildly comical"; and, in the main, impressed his entertainer as "a veteran whose work was done—whose effort had been undertaken and finished." Had the adulation of Boston "spoilt" this kind and happy old man? Sir Frederick Wedmore thinks not—thinks that Holmes had too much sagacity and good sense:—

"And I have no difficulty in persuading myself that the gifted, keenly intelligent old man knew that, though well-equipped indeed—happy, informed, and balanced—even the creator of Elsie Verner ['Verner' is a printer's lapse, is it not?] was not quite so great as Boston had got to think him."

Another of Sir Frederick's Americans is Lowell. The single page on Lowell is as felicitous as any in the book; a nice example of the author's delicate grip upon character, and a nice and faithful view of Lowell himself:—

"It was his wont to be natural and at rest. He did not scintillate. But little gleams of fancy illuminated his thought—his meditation, his most homely reflection, took an imaginative form—I remember, for instance, his dilating to me upon the romance that to anyone who had just passed over from the American climate to the English, attended upon his every walk in street or country. Our mist-veiled world, he said, held for him always the promise of adventure and the charm of remoteness. In Boston, in the clear, thin air, almost from the beginning he could see his journey's end. In London, and about our farm-lands and great country parks, he was a wanderer with the unknown always before him; and to have returned from a single hour's stroll was to have returned—so Lowell averred—from nothing less than a great separating experience."

We could go on quoting of Kate and Ellen Terry and Mrs. Kendal in burlesque (oh! the "stock companies" of the mid-Victorian days); of the conversation of François Coppée; of meals in the old Dieudonné in Ryder Street (where the writer, with "Ape" to introduce him, first heard the violin of Sarasate); of William Morris, recoiling in horror from a carpet out of his own shop; of George Eliot's fascinating ugliness; of Swinburne detached from cabmen; of the Duke of Rutland's suavity in his dairy; of the bristleness and subsequent gentility of Whistler; of Tennyson's hat in the hall; of the "elaborate comeliness" of Lord Leighton; of the average healthiness of Millais; of the inner meaning of Walter Pater's "That is quite true"; and of Queen Victoria's intention to cut King David in Heaven. But these quotations would not be fair. The chapter on Irving will be grateful to many who keep the memory of that strange, persuasive genius. In fine, this is a book brief but choice.

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NEW FICTION.

"My Love and I." By MARTIN REDFIELD. (Constable. 6s.)

"Less than the Dust." By MARY AGNES HAMILTON. (Heinemann. 6s.)

"Larkmeadow." By MARMADUKE PICKTHALL. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

THE novels on our list we place in the inverted order of their merit. If Mr. Martin Redfield's story be adjudged a little inferior to Mrs. Hamilton's, it is that its literary effect is marred by a strain of sentimentality which, at times, verges on falsity. The author is evidently sincere in his attempt to write what seems to him to be the truth about his own life; but he has only partly succeeded in getting clear of that nebulous idealism which befalls American fiction. It is a significant story he tells—this of a popular American writer, who knows that "there is no place for a man who sits down to write what is honestly in him without reference to that banal huckster, the selling-list," in this "mean age given up to ways of living conveniently—a time of little things." And, in one respect, at least, Mr. Redfield has achieved his ambition. His studied portrait of the hard, superficial young wife, Mildred, who is "out for" comfort, luxury, and all the dainty ease that money can buy her; and who treats her husband as the muzzled ox that treads out the corn, is typical of an ever-increasing class of matron. Mr. Redfield, by his artless glorification of Mildred's "high maiden-honor," and his gush over her fragile delicacy of perception, is representative of the American man's blind infatuation. In fact, Mildred is sharply business-like in her emotions, and her hard, mercenary nature only worships the gods of worldly prosperity. It is a pity that Mr. Redfield has not been able to apply a better test to the unwomanly ideals of this class of modern "ornamental" wife than is afforded by her husband's literary struggle. The picture of Blake, the great Bohemian poet of genius, who worships the Muses in a New York garret, is full of school-girlish romanticism, and that Mr. Redfield should have no choice between slaving away at his "magazinable" pot-boilers all his life, and "singing along the road" in Blake's company, casts a pathetic light on the literary roads that lie before the good American. In brief, "My Love and I" has value as a genuine protest against the concentrated commercial ideals of the middle-class American; but it is so saturated with the gaseous sentimentalism that is given off in increasing volume by the system itself, that the story, artistically, is of no great account.

"Less than the Dust" is a good example in the increasing category of clever novels written by women whose insight into life readjusts the scales of judgment established by the masculine understanding. From the man's point of view, Tony, the charming wastrel, the half-brother of Adam Carruthers, the keen, able politician who ultimately becomes Under-Secretary to the Colonies, is damned by his effeminacy and utter lack of backbone. But the heroine, Delia Collingwood, holds the balance fairly between Adam, her brother-in-law, whom she secretly worships, and Tony, the reckless sinner who has always been off-and-on in love with her. Of course, a man might argue cynically that the heroine's desire to sacrifice herself for Tony's good, and redeem him from his vices at the end of the chapter, is only a subtle method of laying herself, again, prostrate before Adam's shrine. She will feel all the nearer to him, spiritually, thereby, and will have the solid gratification, moreover, of mothering the man to whom she is dear. Feminine self-sacrifice brings its fine emotional compensations. But this is only to say, of course, that the coin struck from the mint of a woman's passion rings true, and the critic will find little cause to question the force of Mrs. Hamilton's picture, save perhaps in respect to the figure of Carruthers, the strong, silent hero. Carruthers, we think, is a frock-coated mediocrity. A true artist would have annihilated the gulf between the half-brothers by showing how the impeccable Carruthers can totter on his pedestal at a crucial moment. After all, successful politicians have their human flaws, and is it their incorruptible virtue that often brings to them the sweets of office? Woman, however, can turn a blind eye, when she wishes, to her idol's failings, and Carruthers's limitations are glanced at whenever Delia—his vivacious, capricious wife—is brought on the scene. Delia flirts with Tony, in part to

pique her paragon of a husband, and the atmosphere of marital misunderstanding is deftly touched in in scenes of undeniable cleverness. The story is one that does not call for reading a second time; but, within its limits, it is a successful study of feminine emotions and feminine valuations.

In "Larkmeadow" Mr. Pickthall has woven into a pattern of some significance many divergent, interesting strands of rural life. It was a happy idea, artistically, to trace the fortunes of the rich newcomer, Mr. Harraby Vasey, in country society; for the figure of this prospective Liberal candidate serves as a centre for the various scenes of the social and political drama. Mr. Vasey is a kindly and well-meaning man, but as a townsman he does not understand that the country people's roots have struck deep in the settled soil of habit. Any brusque divergence from tradition or custom wounds their prejudices and excites their suspicions, and Mr. Vasey's incautious enclosure of a piece of land to which the villagers have established a shadowy claim, stirs up a veritable hornets' nest. The dogged obstinacy and smouldering vindictiveness of the old-world East Anglian peasantry are ably typified in the character of the "village brave," Ditcher the Dodman, who makes a fine contrast with the retired policeman, Mr. Catchpole, the Chairman of the Parish Council. Mr. Catchpole's criticisms of things in general, and of the baits dangled before the rural voter by party politicians, taken along with Mr. Vasey's townified programme throw some light on the failure of Liberalism to capture the Tory rural strongholds. Politics, however, only season the clever dish that Mr. Pickthall puts before us, and the social drama, wherein we see Mr. Vasey foolishly quarrelling with the Robert Vaseys, his own kith and kin, forbidding his son, Jerry, to marry his cousin Alice, and generally making an exhibition of himself in the eyes of both rich and poor, is both amusing and true to life. Mr. Pickthall, in his shrewd, sub-acid style, has, undeniably, the gift of hitting off social types, and all the minor people in the drama, such as Mr. Bredbane, the up-to-date young Socialist, who bears his patron, Mr. Vasey, a grudge, and manoeuvres against him in the Tory Press, are convincing figures. Taken as a whole, apart from a few pages here and there that come dangerously near burlesque, the story is a strong piece of work, rich in picturesque incident, and faithful in atmosphere. All the difficulties of poor Mr. Vasey are brought to an end after his country mansion has been burnt to the ground, and he has, in disgust, presented the disputed piece of land to the parish. His misfortunes turn his old foes into friends, and at the close of the tale there seems to be a good chance that the Liberal candidate will some day be the Liberal member.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

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The Week in the City.

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THE CHINA LOAN.

THE City has had an exciting and eventful week. The Birch-Crisp, or "Seventh Power," Loan to China has put the Stock Exchange on its mettle, and when it became known that the officials of the Foreign Office were working against it on behalf of the other banking syndicate, the loan became feverishly popular. At the time of writing, its success seems to be assured, because it has all been underwritten; and one or two underwriters who took fright on Thursday got rid of their obligations at half-profit. At the time of writing it is impossible to say whether the investing public will take up the loan freely or not. The open hostility of the Foreign Office may prevent any great flow of subscriptions; but as the loan is really just as good as other Chinese loans, the underwriters will probably get on very comfortably in the course of a few weeks or months. I should myself treat this loan on the same basis as the others from an investment point of view. Other Chinese loan-mongers cannot afford to run down China's credit, and therefore the outcry against this particular issue will speedily die down. The question is, of course, whether one regards China as a sound proposition financially. What one hears said is that Chinese bonds are not a first-class gilt-edged security like Consols, or French Rentes, or German Threes, or Dutch, or Swedish, or Danish Government stocks; but that they are intrinsically better than poverty-stricken, overloaded Japan or half-negro Brazil. If China gets over the next three or four years, and railways get built rapidly, her wealth and revenue will develop amazingly. Compared with its population, China's debt is, of course, very small.

AMERICAN RAILS.

The detailed report on American crops shows that all the important crops of the United States are above the average, and that the American farmers may expect about the most prosperous autumn on record. Fortunately, perhaps, the Presidential election acts to some extent as a damper on speculation. Otherwise, Wall Street would be certain to indulge in a tremendous outburst of speculation without regard to the condition of the money market. As it is, one feels that there is a confident tone both here and in Wall Street, which confirms the remarks which appeared in a note on American rails last week in this column. Otherwise, speculative interest has centred mainly in Peruvian Corporations and the miscellaneous market. The fluctuation of Peru must have been very profitable to dealers in the last few weeks. I hear that the new President is a fairly good man, and that he is anxious to raise a loan in Europe. A well known broker on the Stock Exchange tells me that he thinks there is a strong taste for speculation which will show itself in a series of booms, unless war breaks out in the Balkans, or money becomes excessively dear.

BIRMINGHAM SMALL ARMS REPORT.

Last year, when the B.S.A. Company produced a report showing net profits of £232,800, the £1 shares went up to nearly 3, although the yield at that price was 5 per cent. The Company has a total capital of only £970,000, of which £203,150 is in 5 per cent. preference shares, and the high ratio of profits to capital was due to the inclusion of the Daimler Company's profits, that Company having been absorbed during the year. The latest report shows profits of only £178,454, though this is sufficient to pay the 15 per cent. ordinary dividend and allow £50,000 to be placed to reserve against £100,000 last year. As the Company does not publish a profit and loss account, and includes the profit from its

holding of Daimler shares with profits from all other sources, it is not possible to say which department is responsible for the decline. The Company manufactures military and sporting rifles, guns, and air rifles, motor bicycles and ordinary bicycles in addition to the motor business at the Daimler works, and it is improbable that the decline can be attributed to any one section. It is more likely that the coal strike and the strike at the Company's own works last year provide sufficient reason. B.S.A. shares at present yield just over 6 per cent., and, having regard to the margin by which the dividend is at present covered, and the probability of the decline in profits being temporary, the shares seem to be a cheap industrial investment. Should the Government decide to replace the present service rifle by a later weapon the B.S.A. Company may count on a good order. The Preference shares yield just under 4½ per cent., which is rather low. The dividend is covered by a large margin, but the small amount of Preference capital exaggerates it.

FREDERICK HOTELS.

There are very few successful hotels run under joint-stock ownership principles, and the Frederick Hotels, which owns two London hotels and five at seaside resorts or watering-places, cannot boast much success in their collective management, at any rate in recent years. For the year ending June 30th, 1908, 5 per cent. was paid on the deferred ordinary shares, in the next year 4 per cent., but since then no dividend has been paid on either preferred or deferred ordinary shares, though the cumulative 5½ per cent. preference dividend has been met regularly. The capital consists of £150,000 in deferred ordinary shares of 7s. 6d., £56,250 in preferred ordinary shares of 7s. 6d., £500,000 in 5½ per cent. cumulative preference shares, and £900,000 in 4 per cent. debenture stock. Among hotel companies there is rather less reticence than is the case with most industrial companies' accounts, the majority of them showing the turnover of the business and the cost of materials before arriving at net profits. This is much more satisfactory than the usual bald statement of net profits. The Frederick Hotels turnover has risen from £319,715 to £328,725, an increase of £9,000. Of this increase £4,450 has been absorbed in the additional cost of provisions, &c., and the rest is more than taken up by repairs and maintenance, which have risen £5,500. This allocation to repairs and maintenance is the only form of depreciation allowance which appears in the accounts, and the appropriation apparently includes actual expenditure and sums placed to the credit of repairs and maintenance reserve. That reserve has declined from £6,000 to £2,600 since last year, but there is nothing to show how it was expended. The 5½ per cent. preference shares yield nearly 10 per cent. at their present price of about 5½, and the 4 per cent. debentures at 67½ return 6 per cent. The secret of the Company's trouble is a too generous capitalisation (in spite of a reconstruction in 1906), and insufficient depreciation allowances. All the properties owned stand in one item of £1,577,642 in the balance-sheet, and this may look sufficient to make the £900,000 of debentures seem well secured. But it is surprising how book values can depreciate when the question of valuation for reconstruction arises.

LUCELLUM.

Mental or Physical Fatigue

Of Chemists
1/6 and 3/- per tin.

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When brain or body is weary the digestive powers are weakened and distaste for ordinary food is often experienced. Under such circumstances the 'Allenburys' DIET is especially valuable. It is pleasant to take, easily digested and assimilated, and speedily restorative. Thus it helps the system to recover tone and vigour. Made in a Minute—add boiling water only.

Large Sample
will be sent for 3d. Stamps.

Allenburys' DIET

SORE THROAT: ITS CAUSE AND CURE.

SORE throat, like the poor, we have always with us. People used to believe we caught it by getting into draughts or getting wet feet. We now know that it does not depend on these things. What it does depend on is that we inhale the germs of the disease which float in the air. If we are perfectly well, the blood kills them. If we are not, they fix themselves on the moist, warm tissues at the back of the throat, where they multiply rapidly and cause sore throat.

To cure the complaint, the germs must be killed where they are. Drugs taken into the stomach will not do this. The only thing which will do it is a powerful germ destroyer dissolved in the saliva. It must, however, be brought into activity at the moment it is dissolved so as to produce the best result.

It is a remarkable fact—but it is a fact all the same—that only one preparation has this unique property. It is the one doctors use for themselves, when they have sore throat, and for their patients.

WHAT DOCTORS USE.

These two considerations prove that it is the best thing known for its particular purpose, for every doctor wants to cure his patient rapidly, and no doctor wants to be ill for a moment longer than he can help. That doctors use this remedy for themselves is strikingly proved by the following statement of a physician in "The Practitioner": "I have never had sore throat myself since I began to use Wulfin's Formamint, although I suffered periodically before."

Why doctors use it for their patients is no less strikingly shown by this other extract from the same paper: "Having tried all the British Pharmacopoeia lozenges and most of the well-known proprietary antiseptic lozenges, I have become reduced to one, and one only (for sore throat), namely, Wulfin's Formamint."

While these medical extracts must convince the most sceptical of the value of Wulfin's Formamint, it is not the only evidence forthcoming on the subject. Distinguished men, whose position places their statements above suspicion, have voluntarily offered the testimony of their own experience with the remedy.

THE EXAMPLE OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

From such letters the following may be quoted:—

"Lord Sherborne finds Wulfin's Formamint very useful in all affections of the throat, and the facility with which it can be carried in the pocket gives it a decided advantage over gargles."

The Bishop of Bath and Wells writes: "Wulfin's Formamint is a remedy and a preventive, the value of which is appreciated in this house."

The Rev. Canon Maddrell, Truro Cathedral, writes: "I make a point of never being without a supply of your excellent Formamint. It is a splendid safeguard against sore throat and infectious diseases."

General Tillard writes: "I am glad to say that Wulfin's Formamint has afforded me ready relief when, as is frequently the case, I have been suffering from sore throat."

Testimony of this nature is beyond question. It must convince everyone who reads it that in Wulfin's Formamint he will find the best, simplest, and most effective remedy for sore throat as well as the best preventive of this complaint, in all its forms, and of infectious diseases in which sore throat is one of the preliminary symptoms.

Wulfin's Formamint may be obtained of all Chemists, price 1s. 11d. per bottle. A Free Sample will, however, be sent to all who write to Messrs. A. Wulfin & Co., 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C., mentioning THE NATION.

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GREAT RUSSELL STREET.

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The Application Lists will be closed on or before Saturday, the 28th September, 1912.

CHINESE GOVERNMENT 5% GOLD LOAN OF 1912.

Authorised by the Premier and the Minister of Finance, and by special order dated the 2nd of September, 1912, of the President of the Republic of China, duly notified in London on 4th September, 1912, by the Representative of the Chinese Government to His Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and on 14th September, 1912, by the President of the Republic of China to the British Minister in Peking.

ISSUE OF £5,000,000 STERLING

In Bonds to Bearer of £20, £100, £500 and £1,000 each.
(part of the Authorised Loan of £10,000,000).

LLOYDS BANK, LIMITED.
THE CAPITAL AND COUNTIES BANK, LIMITED.
THE LONDON & SOUTH WESTERN BANK, LIMITED.
THE CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA, AUSTRALIA, & CHINA.
are authorised as Bankers by the British & International Investment Trust, Limited, to receive applications for the purchase of the above-mentioned Bonds.

At the price of 95 per cent.,

PAYABLE AS FOLLOWS:

	Per £20 Bond.	Per £100 Bond.	Per £500 Bond.	Per £1,000 Bond.
On Application	£1	£5	£25	£50
On Allotment	5	25	125	250
On 2nd November, 1912	5	25	125	250
On 2nd December, 1912	5	25	125	250
On 15th January, 1913	3	15	75	150
	£19	£95	£475	£950

Payment in full may be made under discount at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum on allotment or on the 2nd November or on the 2nd December, 1912.

The payments of interest and the repayments of the principal of the Loan and all other amounts required for or incident to the service of the Loan are constituted a first charge on the surplus revenues of the Salt Gabelle (Salt Tax) the total annual revenue of which amounts to Forty-seven million five hundred and ten thousand Kuping Tails (say £7,295,000), of which Twenty-four million Tails per annum are already hypothecated. The remaining Salt revenue now pledged to the necessary annual sum amounts to Twenty-three million five hundred and ten thousand Kuping Tails (say £3,610,000) per annum, which the Chinese Government declares to be free from all loans, liens, charges, or mortgages.

Should the above-mentioned revenues be at any time insufficient to meet the payments of interest and repayments of principal on due dates the Chinese Government will then from other sources supply the amount required to meet such payments. So long as the principal and interest of the Loan are regularly paid there shall be no interference with the revenue pledged to the Service of the Loan, but if the principal and / or interest be in default at due date then after a reasonable period of grace the revenue pledged or such part thereof as may be sufficient to provide and pay the amounts stated, shall forthwith be transferred to and shall be administered by the Chinese Maritime Customs for the account and in the interests of the Bondholders of this Loan.

The Loan is exempt from all Chinese Taxes and imposts. The proceeds of the Loan are to be expended in the repayment of existing Floating Debt, the reorganisation of the Government, and productive Works.

The Bonds will bear the facsimile of the signature of the Minister of Finance and of his seal of Office. The Representative of the Chinese Government in London will also seal each Bond which will bear a facsimile of his signature.

Principal and interest will be payable in England in pounds sterling at Lloyds Bank Limited, Lombard Street, London, E.C., at

The Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China, 38, Bishopsgate, London, E.C., and at such other Bank or Bankers as may be duly notified, and in foreign currencies at the exchange of the day on London, at such places abroad as may be notified by advertisement.

London, 28th September, 1912.

Interest will be payable on the 30th March and 30th September in each year.

The Loan is for 40 years, redeemable by annual drawings at par, commencing 1923, in accordance with the amortization table to be printed on each Bond, but the Chinese Government reserves to itself the right, on giving six months' notice, to redeem the whole Loan or any part thereof not yet due after the fifteenth year a premium of 2½ per cent. on the nominal amount of the Bonds, and after the twenty-fifth year at par.

Scrip Certificates to Bearer with a coupon attached payable 31st March, 1913, for interest calculated on the amounts and from the dates of payment of the respective instalments will be issued as soon as possible in exchange for the receipted Allotment Letters. Definitive Bonds in denominations of £20, £100, £500, and £1,000 will in due course be exchanged for fully paid Scrip Certificates.

A quotation on the Stock Exchange, London, will be applied for in due course.

Applications, which must be accompanied by the requisite deposit, may be made to any of the Bankers to the issue. In case of partial allotment, the balance of the amount paid as deposit will be applied towards the payment due on allotment, and should there be a surplus after such payment such surplus will be refunded by cheque. Default in payment of any instalment when due will render all previous payments liable to forfeiture.

A draft of the definitive Bond may be seen at the Offices of Messrs. Roney & Co., Orient House, New Broad Street, London, E.C., while the Lists remain open.

Copies of the Prospectus and Forms of Application can be obtained from Lloyds Bank Limited, Lombard Street, London, E.C., or any of its Branches, from The Capital & Counties Bank, Limited, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., or any of its Branches, from The London & South Western Bank, Limited, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C., or any of its Branches, from The Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China, Bishopsgate, London, E.C., from The British & International Investment Trust Limited, 6, Austin Friars, E.C., or from Messrs. C. Birch Crisp & Co., 11, Angel Court, London, E.C.

Copy of Letter received from HIS EXCELLENCY LEW YUK LIN, the Representative of the Government of the Republic of China in London.

Chinese Legation, Portland Place, W.,

25th September, 1912.

Sirs—I have to acquaint you that by a joint despatch, dated the 14th of July, 1912, of the Premier and the Minister of Finance, I was instructed and fully empowered to negotiate and conclude the Loan Agreement signed by me on the 30th of August, 1912. Under the special order dated the 2nd of September, 1912, of the President of the Republic of China, I am appointed and authorised to sign the Loan Bonds.

I am also instructed to give effect to the provisions of the Loan Agreement so far as the co-operation of this Legation is required.

I shall be prepared to sign and seal the Bonds in approved form, as soon as they are placed before me for that purpose.

I have read and approve of the Prospectus you propose to issue, it being in accordance with the terms of the Loan Agreement, and I return herewith enclosed the copy of the Prospectus, which I have examined, and which I have duly signed for identification.

I am, Sirs,

Your obedient Servant,

(Signed) LEW YUK LIN.

To Messrs. C. Birch Crisp & Co.,
11, Angel Court, E.C.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

This form may be filled up and sent together with the deposit of 5% of the amount of Bonds applied for to any of the Bankers.

CHINESE GOVERNMENT 5% GOLD LOAN OF 1912.

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THE CAPITAL AND COUNTIES BANK LIMITED,
THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON AND BRANCHES,

To THE LONDON & SOUTH WESTERN BANK LIMITED,
FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON, AND BRANCHES,
THE CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA, AUSTRALIA AND CHINA,
BISHOPSGATE, LONDON.

As Bankers for the

BRITISH & INTERNATIONAL INVESTMENT TRUST LIMITED,
6, AUSTIN FRIARS, E.C.

Having paid the sum of £ being a deposit of Five per cent. on £ of the above Bonds, I/we request that you will procure the allotment to me/us of that amount of the said Bonds in accordance with the Prospectus dated 28th of September, 1912, and I/we agree to accept the same or any smaller amount that may be allotted to me/us upon the terms of the said Prospectus, and to pay the balance of the purchase money for the Bonds so allotted by the instalments specified in the said Prospectus.

SIGNATURE

NAME IN FULL

(Add whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss, and Title, if any.)

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WRITE
DISTINCTLY.

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The Council of the British and Foreign School Society begs to
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as RESIDENT PRINCIPAL of Borough Road Training College,
has been POSTPONED until November. Any further applications
should reach the Secretary of the Society, not later than November 1st.

The Salary offered is £600 per annum, with house, free of rent,
rates, and taxes. Candidates must hold a University degree with
honours. Forms of application may be obtained, by forwarding
addressed foolscap envelopes, from the Secretary of the Society, to
whom, at the address given below, applications, with printed or
typewritten copies of not more than four testimonials (preferably on
foolscap paper), should be sent. Personal canvassing will disqualify
the applicant. The new Principal will be expected to take up his
duties immediately after Christmas.

W. PRYDDERCH WILLIAMS, Secretary, British and Foreign School
Society, 114, Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

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21st September, 1912.

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For Prospectus and further particulars apply to the Dean,
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